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LONDON: CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

TALE I.



UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

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SPENSER FOR CHILDREN

By M. H. TOWRY.



“ He whose green bays shall bloom for ever young,
Sweet Spenser, sweetest Bard ; yet not more sweet
Than pure was he, and not more pure than wise,
High Priest of all the Muses’ mysteries.”—SOUTHEY.

A NEW EDITION.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOURS BY WALTER F. MORGAN.

London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.

1885.

2

SPENSER FOR CHILDREN.

The volume can only give a most imperfect foretaste of the pleasure to be afterwards enjoyed from the original work, and is designed to serve as an incitement to turn to it. Children read on account of the interest of the narrative; beautiful thoughts and artistic excellence of composition are not perceived until a riper age, when the Poems themselves can be enjoyed.





TALE	PAGE
I. HISTORY OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS, CONTAINING HIS ADVENTURES IN THE WANDERING WOOD, THE HOUSE OF PRYDE, AND HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE DRAGON OF TARTARY	1
II. THE PERILOUS VOYAGES OF SIR GUY IN SEARCH OF THE BOWER OF BLISS	48
III. HISTORY OF CAMEL AND TRIAMOND; OR, THE RING OF CANACEE ...	81
IV. HISTORY OF BRITOMART; OR, THE MAGIC MIRROR AND THE ENCHANTER BUSYRANE	88
V. THE FAIR FLORIMELL; OR, THE SEA-KING'S PALACE	117
VI. TALUS; OR, THE IRON MAN	142



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

✓ UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
✓ "THIS IS THE PORT OF REST FROM TROUBLOUS TOYLE"	...				<i>To face page 77</i>
✓ "A LADY BRIGHT AND FAIR, AND OF ANGELIC RACE"	86
✓ THE MASQUE 96
✓ CYMOËNT AND MARINELL 120
✓ THE QUEEN AND THE TWO KNIGHTS 170



TALE I.

THE HISTORY OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSS,

CONTAINING HIS ADVENTURES IN THE WANDERING WOOD, THE HOUSE OF PRYDE, AND OTHER PLACES; ALSO HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE DRAGON OF TARTARY.



IN the distant kingdom of Fairyland stood a splendid city named Cleopolis, built by one of the elfin kings, and surrounded by a golden wall. Here dwelt the graceful and beautiful Queen of the Fairies, Gloriana ; and to her court came all noble knights seeking adventures, and all persons in distress, to be delivered from their misfortunes.

Once upon a time there arrived at the palace a royal maiden named Una, the only daughter of a king and queen. She had travelled far, for the kingdom of her parents lay in the distant East, near the Euphrates, and the golden sands of the river Gehon.

*Princess Una
arrives at
Cleopolis.*

There had she dwelt happily with her father and mother, until a huge and cruel monster had found its way into their land. It was an enormous

dragon, which had crawled out of a loathsome lake in Tartary, and devoured everything on its way. This horrible and ravenous beast had laid waste all the country, and forced the king and queen to flee for safety into a strong castle with brazen walls. In this fortress they had lived four years, not daring to venture out, lest they should be swallowed up by the dragon, who lay in wait outside. Many knights from all countries had tried to slay the monster, but without success. They had all, one after the other, been conquered and devoured as its prey. At last the princess, full of pity for the unhappy state of the country, managed to leave the castle unperceived by the enemy, and, after a long and toilsome journey, reached the court of Fairyland.

The princess had not remained long in the palace of the fairy queen before a noble and valorous knight undertook the adventure, *The Red Cross knight undertakes to slay the dragon.* in spite of its difficulty and danger. He set forth, guided on the way by the princess, whom he promised to conduct to her father's kingdom.

The knight was mounted on a fiery steed, and well armed at all points. *They set forth.* He bore upon his breastplate the sign of a bloody cross, and the same emblem was marked upon his silver shield. The gentle princess rode beside him upon a snow-white ass. She was attired in a black robe, and her fair countenance was hidden by a long veil. She led beside her, by a string, a little milk-white lamb, which could easily follow her, as she rode but slowly. Far behind there lagged a lazy dwarf, who carried on his back her bag of necessities.

As they journeyed, the sky suddenly became overcast with clouds, and a storm of rain poured so heavily that they began to look for some shelter. Not far away they spied a shady grove of lofty trees. The branches spread so widely and so thick that they almost hid the light of heaven. Within were

many paths and alleys, worn by travellers, and leading into the depths of the forest. The air was filled with the chirping of birds, who had found a shelter from the tempest, and seemed in their songs to scorn the cruel sky.

Whilst the travellers rode under the shade they beguiled the way by observing the different trees under which they passed. There was the cedar, tall and proud; the oak, king of forests; the aspen, good for staves; the cypress, carried at funerals; the laurel, worn by conquerors and poets; and many others, too numerous to be named. By this time the storm had ceased, but when the knight wished to get out of the wood, he could not find the path by which they had entered. They wandered to and fro, finding themselves always further from the entrance. There were so many paths and turnings that they doubted greatly which to take. At last they resolved to follow that which was most worn, and after they had tracked it a long way, they arrived at a hollow cave in the thickest part of the forest. The knight quickly dismounted from his steed, and gave his spear to the dwarf to hold, while he advanced to enter the cave, sword in hand.

*They lose
their way in
the Wander-
ing Wood.*

*And find
a cave.*

“Be cautious,” said the lady, “lest you provoke sudden mischief; the danger is hid, and the place is unknown and wild. There is often fire without smoke, and peril without show; therefore, Sir Knight, withhold your stroke till trial be made of what lies concealed within.”

“Ah, lady,” said the champion, “it were shame to turn back for the darkness of this hidden shade.”

“Yes, but,” she answered, “I know the peril of this place better than you. We are in the Wandering Wood, and this is the den of Error, a vile monster; therefore I say, beware.”

“Fly, fly!” then quoth the frightened dwarf; “this is no place for living men.”

But the youthful knight, full of courage and daring, could not be stayed.

*Wherein is
a terrible
monster.* Forth to the darksome hole he went, and looked in. His glittering armour made a little gloomy light, by means of which he saw an ugly monster, named Errour, lying in the cave.

Half of her form was like a serpent, the other retained the shape of a woman. As she lay upon the dirty ground, her huge long tail overspread all the den. So lengthy was it that she was forced to coil it up in many knots and folds, and each of these was pointed with a sting. A number of young ones were crawling about her, of different shapes, but all horrible like their mother. As soon as the rays of light glanced on them from the champion's armour, they suddenly crept into her mouth and disappeared. The monster herself,

*The knight
encounters the
monster.* being somewhat frightened, started out of her den, and rushed forth, hurling her hideous tail about her head, with all its folds stretched out and untwisted. She looked round, and seeing the

knight armed in mail, sought to turn back again; for she hated light, and always remained in the darkness, where she could see nothing plainly. When the knight perceived her retiring, he leapt forward as fiercely as a lion, and with his sharp sword boldly kept her from turning back, and forced her to stay. Enraged at this, she began to roar loudly, and turning her speckled tail, she threatened him with her stings, and advanced towards him. He, still undaunted, dealt her a terrible blow, which glanced from her head to her shoulder. She was somewhat stunned by this stroke, but in her rage she gathered herself round, and all at once raised her body high above the earth. Then, suddenly she leapt fiercely on his shield, and in an instant wound all her huge train round him, so that he could not move hand or foot.

When his lady saw the danger he was in, she cried out, "Now, Sir Knight, show what ye are; add faith to your strength, and be not faint. Strangle her, or else she will surely strangle thee."

When he heard this, he struggled violently, and with all his strength got one hand free. With this he seized her by the throat so hard that she was forced to loose her wicked bands. Thereupon she opened her mouth, and poured out a flood of poison, horrible and black, mixed with frogs and toads without eyes, who crawled away into the weedy grass. The smell of all this sickened and nearly choked the knight, which when the fiend perceived, she opened her maw again, and discharged a flood of small serpents and foul deformed monsters, black as ink, which swarmed and crawled over him. Upon this, the knight, half furious, resolved either to win or lose at once; so, with a sudden and mighty stroke, he severed her head from her body. The corpse fell back, and poured forth a stream of coal-black blood. The brood of young monsters gathered round it, and, horrible to relate, devoured it so ravenously that they forthwith burst in pieces; thus the knight needed not to slay them also.

She is slain.

The lady, who had watched the encounter afar off, now approached to greet his victory, and said, "Fair knight, born under a happy star, ye have won great glory this day, and proved your strength on a strong enemy. May all your adventures succeed as well as this first one."

He then remounted his steed, and they set forth to find the way back. They kept to the beaten path, and did not turn aside in search of shorter tracks; at last it brought them out of the wood.

They travelled far before they met anything worthy of record. One day they chanced to meet an aged man, clad in long black weeds. His feet were bare, his beard was hoary gray, and a book hung from his belt. He seemed grave and sad, his eyes were bent upon the ground, and as he went along he prayed, and often knocked his breast as if he was repentant. He bowed low to the knight, who courteously returned his salute, and asked him if he knew of any adventures.

They meet an

old hermit.

"Alas! my dear son," answered he, "how should an old man who sits in hidden cell all day know of wars and troubles? But if you wish to hear of evil and danger at hand, I can tell you of a strange man that wasteth all this country far and near."

"It is of such," said the knight, "that I chiefly inquire; show the place, and I will reward thee well."

"His dwelling," said the hermit, "is in a wilderness far from here."

"Now," said the lady to the champion, "it is nearly dark, and you must be wearied with your battle. Wait till to-morrow, and with new day new work at once begin."

The hermit joined in this advice, and offered to lodge them for the night; so they went with him to his home. It was a little hermitage down in a dale, by the side of a forest, and far removed from travellers' roads. Near it there was a small chapel, and a stream of water ran past, which issued from a sacred fountain close by. The house was so small that the company quite filled it; but they were well satisfied with their entertainment—

"The noblest mind the best contentment has,"

—and passed the evening in discourse; for the old man had a store of pleasing words, and told them tales of saints and popes.

Now, this old man was in reality a wicked magician; and when the travellers had retired to rest, he went to his study, and there opened his books of magic. In these he sought for charms to trouble sleepy minds. He called forth by his spells a legion of sprites, who fluttered about his head like little flies, ready to do his will. He chose two of the falsest of these; one he sent on a message, the other stayed beside him. The first flew with great speed through the air, then through the water, till he reached the house of Sleep in the depths of the earth, where the light of day can never penetrate. He

passed its gates, one of polished ivory, the other of silver. Watchful dogs lay before them to hinder the entrance of Care, the great enemy of Sleep. To lull the soul to slumber, a trickling stream flowed from a high rock, and rain drizzled on the roof, mixed with a murmuring wind, like the droning sound of a swarm of bees; excepting this, all else was wrapt in silence.

The messenger went up and spoke to the genius, who was slumbering on a couch; but in vain, for he slept so sound that

*The magic
arts of the
hermit.*

nothing could waken him. Then the sprite began to thrust and push him until he stretched himself, on which he shook him so hard that he began to mumble some words as if in a dream. The sprite on this awoke him more boldly, and threatened him with the dread name of Hecate. At this he quaked with fear, lifted up his head, and angrily asked the sprite what he wanted.

“The great magician, Archimago,” said he, “sent me to thee, to ask thee for a false dream.”

The genius obeyed, and calling a dream out of a dark prison, gave it to the sprite; then, laying down his head, instantly fell fast asleep. The messenger quickly returned through the ivory door, and flew straight to his master, carrying the dream on his wings.

As soon as he arrived, Archimago, the false hermit, took the false dream, and sent it to the knight as he lay asleep. He then called the two sprites together, and caused one to assume the appearance of Una, the other that of a knight. Next he went to the Red Cross knight, who was already much disturbed by the dream, and suddenly awoke him, crying out, “Waken, Sir Knight, and sleep no longer. Behold your lady departing with another champion.”

The knight unhappily believed what he saw, for he did not know that the hermit was in reality a wicked enchanter. So, being much grieved, he called to the dwarf to bring him his steed, and rode off, with the dwarf following.

*The knight is
deceived.*

As soon as the rosy morning dawned, the royal maiden left her chamber, *Una is* and looked everywhere for her knight ; then called for her dwarf, *forsaken.* who had always attended her. But no one came. She wept to find herself thus cruelly deserted, and she rode after the knight with as much speed as her slow beast could make, but all in vain. For his light-footed steed had borne him so far that it was useless to attempt to follow him. Yet she would not rest her weary limbs, but searched every hill and dale, wood and plain ; much grieved that he whom she loved best had so unkindly left her, she knew not why.

While the gentle lady is wandering alone, we must return to the knight, *The knight* who rode along in great wrath and disdain. After some time *meets Sansfoy.* he met a tall Saracen riding fully armed. On his shield was written in large letters his name—SANSFOY. Beside him rode a lady clad in scarlet trimmed with gold and pearls. On her head was a Persian mitre garnished with coronets and gems set in gold. Her palfrey was covered with tinsel trappings, and her bridle rung with golden bells and bosses.

When this damsel, whose name was Duessa, saw the Red Cross knight advance his spear, she told Sansfoy to begin the fray. He, impatient to show his valour, spurred fast forwards. In an instant they met with such force that their steeds staggered under them, and each broke his spear on the other's shield. The Saracen drew out his sword and flew fiercely upon the knight, who warded off his blows, and pressed him hard in return. Each fought with equal power, and sought to pierce the other's iron side. The flashing fire flew out of their shields, and streams of blood stained the grass.

"Cursed be that cross," said the Saracen ; "thou wouldst have been dead long ago had not that charm preserved thee. But hide thy *Sansfoy is* head now ;" and, so saying, he smote so hard upon the knight's *slain by the* crest that he hewed a large piece out of it, and the stroke *knight.*

glanced downwards upon the shield. At this the Red Cross knight aimed a blow at the helmet of the pagan, and, with a huge stroke, rived the steel, and cleft his head in twain.

24 The lady, when she saw her champion fall like the old ruins of a broken tower, stayed not to bewail him, but fled with all her power from the knight. He hastily rode after her, and called to the dwarf to bring away with him the Saracen's shield as token of his victory. He soon overtook the lady, and bade her cease her flight, as there was no cause of fear.

She turned back with a rueful countenance, crying, "Mercy, mercy, sir, vouchsafe to show to a poor lady, subject to misfortune and to your mighty will."

He pitied her distress, and said, "Dear lady, put fear aside, and tell me who you are, and who was your companion."

Melting in tears she then began: "The wretched woman who has now become your captive was born the sole daughter of an emperor of the West. In the flower of my youth my father betrothed me to the only son of a mighty king, rich and wise. There was never a prince so gentle, so faithful, and so fair. But ere the wedding day arrived, he fell into the hands of an accursed foe, by whom he was cruelly slain. His body was carried away and concealed. Great was my sorrow when the unhappy tidings were brought to me. I went forth to seek for his dear remains, and many years throughout the world have I strayed, a virgin widow. At last it chanced that this proud Saracen met me wandering, and led me away with him. He was the eldest of three brothers, and was named Sansfoy. The second is Sansloy, and the youngest Sansjoy. In this sad plight, friendless and unfortunate am I, the miserable Fidessa. I beg of you in pity to do me no ill, if ye will not do well."

Duessa tells her false tale.

The knight answered, "Fair lady, a heart of flint would pity your

undeserved woes and sorrows. Henceforth rest in safe assurance, having found a new friend to aid you and lost an old foe."

The seemingly simple maid cast her eyes on the ground, and consented to pursue her journey under his guard.

They travelled some way until they perceived two goodly trees that *The speaking tree.* spread their arms abroad, covered with gray moss. Their green leaves, trembling with every blast, threw a wide shadow on the grass. Timid shepherds always shunned the place as unlucky ground, and never sat there nor played their pipes. But the good knight, as soon as he saw the trees, went thither to find cooling shade from the heat of the noon-day sun, which his new lady could not endure. As they sat under the branches, the knight plucked a bough to frame a garland for the lady, when, lo! from the rift there came small drops of gory blood, and a piteous voice was heard crying, "Oh, spare my tender sides, shut in this rough bark. And fly from hence, lest to you hap what happened to me here, and to this wretched lady my dear love."

The knight stood astonished and unable to move with sudden horror. Then in wonder, half doubting his senses, he spoke. "What voice of condemned ghost or guileful sprite wandering in empty air sends to my doubtful ear these rueful complaints, bidding me spare guiltless blood?"

The tree, deeply groaning, replied, "Neither ghost nor sprite speaketh these words to thee, but I, Fradubio, once a man and now a tree. A cruel witch transformed me, and placed me in this plain. The north wind blows bleak and cold, and the scorching sun dries up my veins, for though I am a tree, yet I suffer from the seasons."

"Say on, then, Fradubio, man or tree," quoth the knight; "by whose mischievous spells art thou misshapen thus?"

"He oft finds med'cine who his griefs imparts,
But double grief afflicts concealing hearts."

“The authoress,” said Fradubio, “of all my troubles is one Duessa, a false sorceress, who has brought many knights to wretchedness. *Fradubio's sad tale.* I loved this gentle lady whom ye see beside me, also in the form of a tree. As I was riding with her one day, I chanced to meet a knight, who had a fair lady, as she seemed, at his side. This was the foul Duessa. Her knight declared her beauty to exceed that of all others. I stood up in defence of my lady's charms, so both fell to furious battle. It was his lot to fall under my spear, and his lady remained my prisoner. Then did she, envious of the beauty of my Frœlissa, cast wicked spells upon her, that dimmed her loveliness, and made her appear of ugly and misshapen form. After which she cried out, ‘Fy! deformed wight, whose borrowed beauties now appear plainly. Leave her, Sir Knight, or let her be slain.’ Then I, believing that my Frœlissa had deceived me, would have slain her; but Duessa restrained me with feigned pity for her, and turned her into a tree. So henceforth I took Duessa to me my lady, and believed that she was what she seemed, till on a certain day (which is every spring), when witches must do penance for their crimes, I chanced to see her in her own shape, bathing in organ and thyme, and found she was a loathsome old hag. The witch divined my thoughts by my altered behaviour to her. So while I slept, she smeared me with her magic herbs and ointments, till my senses left me. Then she brought me to this desert, changed me to a tree, and placed me beside my Frœlissa. Here, inclosed in wooden walls, far from any living soul, we waste our weary days.”

“But how long,” said the knight, “must you dwell here?”

“We may not change this evil plight,” said the tree, “till we be bathed in a well; such are the terms of the charm.”

“How may I find it out, and restore you again?” said he.

“Time and fate will restore us,” answered the tree; “nothing else can unbind us.”

Meantime the false Duessa, who had called herself Fidessa, heard all this, and knew it to be true. She feigned to faint; so, when the good knight had stuck the bough into the ground, and closed up the wound with clay, he looked round, and saw her lying senseless. He, too simple and too true, took pains to restore her, and often kissed her. At last she opened her eyes. Then he set her carefully on her steed, and led it away.

Let us now return to the fair Una, whom we left abandoned. She, faithful lady, forsaken and solitary, strayed through wilderness and deserts to find her knight. Fearless of evil, she daily sought him through woods and wastes, but could hear no tidings of him.

One day, wearied by the irksome journey, she alighted from her beast, *Una findeth* and lay down on the grass to rest. Suddenly out of the thickest *a lion,* of the wood rushed a ramping lion, hunting for savage blood. As soon as he espied the royal virgin, he ran at her greedily with gaping mouth; but when he drew nearer his rage ceased, and he stood amazed at the sight. Instead of devouring her, he kissed her weary feet and licked her lily hands, as if he knew her wronged innocence,

“Oh, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!”

When she perceived his yielding pride and his submission she wept. “The lion,” quoth she, “the king of beasts, yields to me through pity for my sad state. But why has my noble lord hated and left me?” Tears choked her words, which were softly echoed from the neighbouring wood. At last she mounted her palfrey and set forth. The lion would not leave her desolate, but went along with her as a strong guard, and a faithful sharer of her troubles. While she slept he kept watch, and when she waked he waited on her with humble service. From her fair eyes he took command, and understood her meaning by her looks.

Long did she thus travel across wide deserts, through which she thought her wandering knight might pass. Yet she found no living person, till at length she came to trodden grass at the foot of a mountain. This path she followed, till she spied a damsel walking slowly before her, carrying a pot of water on her shoulders. She approached her, and began to call to her to ask if there was any dwelling nigh at hand. But the rude girl never answered her, till, seeing the lion standing by her side, she threw down her pitcher and fled away in great fear. Full fast she fled, and never looked behind, as if her life depended on her speed, till she reached home, where her blind mother sat. She could not speak, but, suddenly catching hold of her, showed her fright by quaking hands and other signs of terror. Her mother, full of dread, rose up and shut the door.

*She lodgeth in
Kirkrapine's
house.*

By this time the wearied Una arrived, and prayed them to let her in ; but they would not open. On this the lion rent the door with his claws, and thus made an entrance. She found them both, half dead with fear, in a dark corner. At length she removed their terrors, and prayed leave to rest for the night in their small cottage. This being granted, she laid down to sleep, and the faithful lion kept watch at her feet. But alas! she had little rest, through lamenting the loss of her dear knight, and all through the long hours she wept and wished for morning.

While the stars were shining, and all was still, a man came to the door, and knocked to be let in, cursing and swearing because they did not open the door to him. He carried on his back a heavy load of nightly pillagings, for he was a stout and sturdy thief. He was accustomed to creep through windows in the darkness, and rob churches of their ornaments and of the money in the box for the poor ; he also stole the rich robes of saints and priests. And all that he got he brought to

*The lion
killeth
Kirkrapine.*

this house, and gave great part of it to the daughter of this woman ; both gold, and rings, and garments. Now, on this night he beat the door a long time in his rage ; but neither of the women dared to rise and let him in, for they feared the lion. At last he furiously broke open the fastenings, and would have entered, when suddenly the lion encountered him, and, seizing him, rent him in a thousand pieces, and so put an end to his wicked life. His terrified friends half suspected what had happened in the darkness, but they dared not move, lest they should be slain.

When daylight appeared, Una rose and went her way, guarded by her attendant. The old woman and her daughter then came outside, and finding Kirkrapine (such was the robber's name) lying dead, they tore their hair and beat their breasts. Then, filled with malice and rage at Una, they ran forth to follow her, and railed and accused her of dishonesty, wishing that plagues and mischief might ever fall on her. Then they returned ; and as they came back they met what seemed an armed knight,

*Archimago
taketh the
shape of the
Red Cross
knight.*

but was in reality the false hermit, Archimago. For by his arts he could take many forms and shapes. Sometimes he made himself a fowl, sometimes a fish, or a fox, or a dragon, so that even himself would often quake for fear and fly away. He had now taken the form of the Red Cross knight, and had clothed himself in armour of the same appearance.

Having found out from the old woman which way Una had gone, he rode quickly after her, but being afraid to go too near, on account of the lion, he turned aside to a hill, on which he placed himself. She soon perceived him, and thinking it was her own dear knight, rode up to him, and weeping, gently reproached him for his long absence. He told her that he never had forsaken her, nor would leave her, his dearest lady, but that he had gone to slay the felon of whom Archimago had spoken, a wretch who had

troubled many knights. But his faithful service was ever at her command, to defend her by land or sea.

“ His lovely words her seemed due recompense
Of all her passèd pains ; one loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense.
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.
She has forgot how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endured ; she speaks no more
Of past ; true is, that true love hath no power
To looken back : his eyes be fixed before.
Before her stands her knight for whom she toiled so sore.”

Una had great joy when she found her knight, as she thought ; and the enchanter seemed no less glad. So they rode on, discoursing of all her distresses, and she told him how faithfully the lion had guarded her. Soon they saw a knight galloping fiercely towards them, strongly armed and mounted on a foaming courser. His shield bore his name, Sansloy ; his looks were stern and full of revenge and hate. No sooner did he see the red cross, than he couched his spear for battle. The enchanter was timid and loth to fight ; but being cheered by his lady, he began to hope to succeed, and spurred forward. But the proud Paynim came on so fiercely and wrathfully that his sharp spear pierced right through the other's shield, and if the staggering steed had not shrunk back, would have forced it through his body too. As it was, he bore Archimago quite down from his saddle, and tumbled him on the ground. Then Sansloy, dismounting lightly from his lofty steed, leapt to him and said, “ Lo ! here is the reward of him that slew my brother Sansfoy. His life thou tookest, therefore thine shalt be taken by Sansloy.” With these words, he began to unlace his helmet, and paid no attention to Una, who piteously implored him to have mercy. But when he had rent off the helmet, great was his surprise to see the hoary head of Archimago, for he knew the old man well. “ Why, Archimago,” cried he, “ luckless sire, what do I see ? ”

*Sansloy en-
countereth
Archimago.*

The hermit did not answer, for he had fainted away. So the Saracen *Sansloy killeth the faithful lion.* turned aside and left him, and came to the lady, who stood in great perplexity and distress to find it was not her own true knight. He rudely seized hold of her, whereupon the lion instantly flew at him. But the Saracen pulled his shield from the claws of the royal beast, drew his sword, and stabbed him to the heart. Thus was the unfortunate Una left in yet greater distress, in the hands of the fierce Paynim, with her faithful guard slain. The Saracen bore her away as captive on his steed, in spite of all her prayers and entreaties, and her own palfrey followed her afar off.

Meantime the Red Cross knight travelled on his way with the false *The Red Cross knight cometh to the house of Pryde.* Duessa, until they arrived at a large building, which seemed to be the house of a mighty prince. A broad, well-trodden highway led to it, and great troops of people of all degrees travelled there day and night. But it was a strange thing that few returned, except some in beggary and disgrace, who lay under the hedges in a woful state. It was a majestic palace, built of square bricks, cunningly laid without mortar. Its walls were high, but neither strong nor thick. Golden foil was laid over them, so that they glittered in the sunshine. There were many lofty towers and goodly galleries—

“ Full of fair windows and delightful bowers ;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.”

It was a pity such a fair building stood on a weak foundation. For it was on a sandy hill that was ever falling away ; and it stood so high that every breath of heaven shook it. The back parts, which few could see, were old and ruinous, but skilfully painted. Its name was “ The House of Pryde.”

The gates stood wide open, and a porter was in charge of them, named Malvenu, who allowed all people to enter. The knight and Duessa went into

the hall, which was hung with costly tapestry, and in which was a great crowd of people waiting to see the lady of the palace. These they passed, and went into her presence, led by an usher called Vanitie. High above the crowd a cloth of state was spread, and a rich throne, bright as a sunny day, on which the queen sat. She was clad in glistering gold and peerless precious stones, yet her beauty was brighter than the riches in which she was arrayed. Underneath her feet lay a dragon with a hideous tail, and in her hand she held a mirror, in which she often viewed herself with delight. Her name was proud Lucifera, and she had caused herself to be crowned as a queen. Yet she had no rightful kingdom at all, but had tyrannously usurped the sceptre she now held. She did not rule her kingdom by laws, but by the advice of five ancient wizards, who by their bad counsels upheld her sway.

The knight and Duessa made obeisance before her, saying that they had come to see her royal state, and prove the wide report of her great majesty. She thanked them very disdainfully, and scarcely vouchsafed to look at them, or to bid them rise. But the knights and ladies attending received them with courtesy, for they knew Duessa of old, and were glad to have the knight as one of their band. In a short time the queen rose from her throne, and called for her chariot, in which she entered with princely grace. Crowds of people, thronging in the halls, pressed and overturned each other to get a sight of her. The chariot was drawn by five unequal animals, on which the five counsellors rode.

The first rider, who guided all the rest, was named Idleness. He rode upon a slothful ass, and was attired in a black robe. In his *The chariot of* hand he carried a book of prayers, much worn but little read, *Queen Lucifera.* for he was generally drowned in sleep, and scarcely held up his heavy head to see if it was night or day. He greatly shunned all manly exercises, and every kind of work. He had withdrawn himself from all worldly cares to

have time, he pretended, for contemplation ; yet he spent half his days in rioting, which made him be ever afflicted with a shaking fever. Ill led must have been the way when such a guide ruled, who knew not whether he went right or astray.

Next rode Gluttony upon a pig, dressed in vine leaves and with an ivy garland on his head. Whilst he rode he eat, and carried in one hand a can, from which he was always drinking. His mind was so dulled that he scarce knew friend from foe. Then came greedy Avarice, upon a camel laden with gold. Two iron coffers hung on either side, filled with precious metal, and on his lap lay a heap of coin which he was ever counting. He was thin and worn from miserly saving, and dressed in a threadbare coat and cobbled shoes. Next followed malicious Envy, riding on a ravenous wolf, chewing between his teeth a venomous toad, and filled with rage and sadness at the wealth of his neighbours ; but when he heard of evil and misfortune, he became glad. He was clothed in a thin cloak of many colours, painted full of eyes, and in his breast there lay a hateful snake, coiled up in many folds. And as he rode he gnashed his teeth at the heaps of gold carried by Avarice, and grudged the rest of the company their splendour. Last came fierce Wrath, on a lion that would hardly be restrained, carrying in his hand a burning brand, which he brandished about his head. Sparks of fire flew from his eyes, his countenance was pale, and his other hand was on his dagger. His raiment was all stained with blood, and torn to rags.

So forth they all issued to ride through the fresh flowering fields ; and Duessa rode by the queen, Lucifera, as one of her train. But the good knight kept behind, not liking the company he was in.

When the procession returned they found that Sansjoy, the youngest of *Sansjoy arrives* three Saracen brothers, had arrived at the palace. He, seeing *at the palace.* the shield of Sansjoy carried by the dwarf, snatched it from

him, and defied the Red Cross knight to mortal combat. On which they drew their swords and clashed their shields, disturbing all the place, until the queen commanded them to refrain till the morrow, when they should fight in equal lists. The night was passed in jollity and feasting in bower and hall; for the steward was Gluttony, who poured forth plenty to every one. Then the chamberlain, Sloth, showed to them their rooms.

When all were wrapped in sleep, Duessa softly arose and went to the Saracen's chamber, where she found him meditating how he might conquer his foe. To him, with many false tears, she bewailed the death of Sansfoy, telling him that he had been treacherously slain by the Red Cross knight, who had then dragged her about as his captive, and long shut her up in a darksome cave. "But I fear," said she, "you will find it hard to subdue him, for he has a charmed shield and enchanted arms."

"Charmed or enchanted," said he, fiercely, "I care not a whit. Tomorrow I shall slay him, and gain you and the shield as my prize. So to-night return whence you came, and rest awhile."

The Red Cross champion had also spent the night in watching, and as soon as he perceived the sun rise he put on his armour and went into the common hall. Many people stood waiting to see the tourney, and there were minstrels and bards to drive away melancholy with their sweet tunes, and chroniclers who could tell of old loves and wars for ladies done by many a lord. Soon after, the Saracen came in, and the attendants brought wines of Greece and Araby, and dainty spices of the far Ind, to strengthen the courage of the knights, who took a solemn oath, when they drank, to observe the sacred laws of arms.

Lastly came the queen with royal pomp, and was led under a stately canopy, in front of a green fenced in by pales. On the other side of the ground was placed Duessa, and on a tree was hung the shield of Sansfoy.

A shrill trumpet was now sounded from on high to bid them begin the fight.

The tourney between Sansjoy and the Red Cross knight. They tied their shining shields to their wrists, and, brandishing their swords, they struck each other so fiercely that they impressed deep furrows in the battered mail. The Saracen was stout and wondrous strong, and heaped great blows like iron

hammers, for he longed for blood and vengeance. The knight was young and fierce, and returned with doubled stroke, fighting for praise and honour; and from their shields and hewn helmets flew fiery sparks of light.

At last the Pagan chanced to cast his eyes upon his brother's shield, the sight whereof redoubled his fury, and he struck the knight upon his crest so hard that he reeled twice, ready to fall. Then the lookers-on thought the battle coming to an end, and the false Duessa loudly called to the Saracen, "Thine is the shield, and thine am I, and all."

But when the knight heard his lady's voice, though indistinctly, he recovered from his faintness, and so fiercely struck at his enemy that he forced him to stoop on one knee, and then lifted up his sword again to slay him, when, lo! a dark cloud fell on the Pagan, and he vanished. The Red Cross knight called aloud, but saw him nowhere. Astonished at the sudden disappearance of his foe, he stood alone in the field.

Immediately Duessa arose from her seat in haste, and running to him, said, "The powers of evil have covered your foe with darkness and borne him away. The conquest and the glory are yours."

Then the trumpets sounded notes of triumph, and the heralds came to greet him and brought him the shield. With it he went to the queen, and bending on one knee before her made her a present of his service, which she accepted with thanks and goodwill. Then she marched home, the knight walking with her; and all the people followed with great glee, shouting and clapping their hands. Having reached the palace, he was laid on a sump-

tuous bed, and many skilful leeches came to him to cure his hurts, bringing wine, oil, and balms. Meanwhile sweet music was played to beguile him from suffering, and the false Duessa feigned to weep for his wounds.

But when the eventide came, Duessa went out to where the Pagan knight lay under the cloud which she had caused to fall over him, and found him as she had left him, nearly dead, and in a slumbering trance. She did not stay to bewail his condition, but hurried to the East, to the abode of the goddess Night. She found her clad in a black mantle, coming forth from her den. An iron chariot was awaiting her, drawn by two coal-black steeds and two brown, who stood champing their rusty bits. When the old enchantress saw Duessa all sunny bright, adorned with shining gold and jewels, she feared the unaccustomed blaze of light, and would have retired into her cave; but Duessa prayed her to stay, and craved her help for Sansjoy. For these three brothers were the sons of Aveugle, a brother of that ancient dame.

To this the goddess agreed, but asked Duessa who she was.

“I do not appear what I am,” said she, “being thus arrayed, but I am Duessa, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.”

“Ah!” said the other, “I see the resemblance of your father now; yet such true-seeming grace is there in your appearance, that I could scarce discern it, though I am the mother of Falsehood and all your race. Oh, welcome, child, whom I have longed to see and have now seen unaware.”

Then they entered the chariot and took their way through the thick murky air. The horses swam smoothly along, never stamping unless their stubborn mouths were twitched. Then, foaming out tar, they would toss their bridles, and fiercely trample through the element. The goddess and Duessa reached the spot where the Paynim lay devoid of his senses. They bound up his hurts, and laid him in the chariot; but whilst they were on the

ground busied about him, hideous noises were heard. For the dogs bayed, startled by the chariot and the dark, grisly visage of its mistress, the ghastly owl shrieked drearily, and wolves roaming on the plain howled continually.

But the witches soon remounted and softly drove away, silently and swiftly, for many leagues, until they brought the corpse to a yawning gulf, from whence smoke and sulphur were ever rising. This deep hole was the entrance to Avernus. No mortals who descended thither ever returned, except through the mighty aid of Heaven. For there only issued dreadful Furies which had burst their chains, or ghosts sent to terrify the wicked. Slowly they drove down the slanting way, and on every side of them stood trembling ghosts amazed, chattering their iron teeth, and staring wide with stony eyes. They passed the bitter waves of Acheron, and the house of Endless Pain. Before its threshold lay the monster Cerberus, with three deformed heads curling with a thousand venomous adders. He raised his bristles and gnarled at the travellers, but the goddess appeased him, and he suffered them to proceed. They passed Ixion, for ever turning on a wheel; Sisyphus, rolling uphill a ponderous stone that when it reached the top fell heavily down again; Tantalus, ever hungering and thirsting, standing in water to his chin, and with fairest fruits just above his head; Tityus, the living prey of a vulture; and the fifty sisters, condemned to draw water in leaking vessels. At the farthest part was a deep dark cave, in which was chained Æsculapius, the great physician. To him the witches carried Sansjoy, and left him there to be cured of his wounds.

Duessa then returned to the house of Pryde, but she found the Red *The dwarf's* Cross knight gone. For his dwarf had one day been wander-
discovery. ing about the palace, and spied a deep dungeon in which many captives lay, shut up by that tyrant queen to live and die in wretchedness. Such was the fate, sooner or later, of all who came to the house.

of Pryde, to perish in misery, rags, and darkness. When the dwarf had told his master what he had seen, the good knight resolved to escape. So they rose early, and before daylight had dawned went out by a privy postern gate, for it would have been death to them had they been perceived. They could scarce pick their way out among the corpses of murdered men, which lay strewn about unburied, and under the castle wall they spied a heap of dead carcasses.

Now let us return to Una, whom we left carried off by the fierce Sansloy. He took his way through a thick forest, dragging her as his captive. But she was rescued from his cruelty; for a troop of satyrs, who were dancing in the wood, hearing her cries and complaints, ceased their sports, and came to where the Saracen was riding. When he saw this rabble of rude, misshapen creatures, half men, but with the legs and feet of goats, he durst not stay, but fled in fright. The troop, finding only the fair lady, stood amazed at her beauty, and pitied her unhappy plight. They read her sorrow in her sad countenance, and bending their horned foreheads, gently grinned and bowed before her with their backward-bent knees. They led her forth to their dwelling in the woods, strewing green branches in her way, and playing on their merry pipes. And all the wood nymphs came out to see her; but when they had viewed her lovely face, they were filled with envy at her beauty and fled away again. So the maiden dwelt awhile with the satyrs, and they paid her all honours, adoring her as their goddess. And when the gentle lady had restrained them from this, they would fain have worshipped her ass.

*Una is
rescued from
Sansloy by
the satyrs.*

It chanced that there was a young knight of the woods, named Satyrane, who had been born in the forest and there passed his youth. He could subdue all wild beasts—the lion, the leopard, the panther, the tiger, and the wolf. These he would often harness together, and bring them under the yoke. He

came one day into the wood, and found the satyrs sitting round Una, listening attentively to her words. In a short time he learnt her sad history, and agreed to lead her away, whilst the satyrs went to do homage to their old chieftain. For she wished to escape that she might resume her search for the Red Cross knight. So under his guidance she soon found her way out of the wood, and they reached the plain. On their way they met an old pilgrim, a man covered with dust, and with a sunburnt visage. In his hand he carried a Jacob's staff, and a scrip on his back contained his scanty possessions. They asked this old wanderer if he had ever met a knight with a red cross marked on his corselet.

"Alas," said the pilgrim, "dear lady, I sorrow to tell the sad sight I have seen, for I have beheld that knight both living and dead."

The pilgrim tells her the Red Cross knight is dead. At these terrible words she fainted; but young Satyrane tried to restore her, and as soon as she could speak she bade the pilgrim tell his tale.

He described how he had seen the Red Cross knight fighting with a Saracen, who slew him; "and if you proceed a little way," he said, "you will find the Paynim washing his wounds at a fountain hard by." Satyrane quickly went there; but Una, oppressed with sorrow, could not follow him so fast. There he found the Saracen and challenged him to fight, who on hearing him, seized his three-square shield and shining helmet, and buckled on his armour. A fierce encounter began; and meanwhile Una, who came up to the place, fled away again in affright, for fear of the Pagan.

At this battle the pilgrim, who hid himself in a thicket near, greatly rejoiced. For he was in reality false Archimago, and had invented this falsehood that he might deprive Una of her protector, Satyrane. So when he saw the royal maiden flee, he went after her to capture her.

We must now tell the true fate of the Red Cross knight. As soon as Duessa found he had left the house of Pryde, she hastened after him. She had not gone far before she found him sitting by a fountain, his charger feeding near him, and his armour laid on the grass. The witch reproached him for leaving her, but mingled her upbraidings with caressing words, so that they were soon reconciled. They rested under the shade of the green branches, sheltered from the burning sun and listening to the bubbling of the cool spring. The knight drank the sparkling waters, and did not know that, though pleasant to look on and to taste, they made all who partook of them feeble and weak; for with this evil property they had been cursed by the goddess Diana.

Duessa follows the Red Cross knight.

Suddenly they were startled by a tremendous noise bellowing through the wood, so that the very trees seemed to tremble. The knight leapt from the ground, and hastily began to lay hold of his weapons. But before he could don his armour or get his shield, his monstrous enemy came stalking in sight with sturdy steps. It was a hideous giant, horrible and high. He seemed nearly to reach the clouds, for he was as tall as three of the tallest men: and the earth seemed to groan under his weight. He was a monstrous mass of earthy slime, puffed out with wind. He leant upon a shaggy oak, which he had torn out of the ground. When he spied the knight, he strode towards him with great fury. The champion advanced to meet him, dismayed and hopeless of victory, for he felt himself so feeble and frail in every joint and limb, that he could hardly drag his steps along or hold his sword. The giant struck so mercilessly that he would have overthrown a stone tower, and nearly powdered him to dust with a heavy blow, had the knight not leapt from its full force; yet it was so great that he lay stunned and senseless on the ground. Then would his foe have utterly

A monstrous giant surprises them.

And captures the knight.

destroyed him, had not Duessa called out, "Oh, great Orgoglio, greatest under the sky, hold thy hand, and slay him not, but make him thy eternal bond slave, and take me for thy love." The monster hearkened to her words, and, lifting up the senseless corpse, carried it to his castle, and threw it into a deep dungeon.

From that day forth Duessa was his dear, and he gave her gold and *Duessa's purple robes to wear, and a triple crown. And to make her treachery.* feared of all men, he chose a monstrous beast for her to ride upon. It was bred in a filthy fen, and had seven great heads, an iron breast, a back covered with brazen scales, and bloody eyes shining like glass.

The sorrowful dwarf, when he saw his master's fall, took the horse and *The dwarf the armour, the long spear and the silver shield, and went sadly finds Una.* away to find help. He had not travelled far before he met Una flying from the Paynim Sansloy. When she saw the dwarf, and the signs that told of deadly tidings—

"She fell to ground with sorrowful regret,
And lively breath her sad breast did forsake ;
Yet might her piteous heart be seen to pant and quake."

The messenger, in great grief himself, tried to restore her strength. Soon, with faltering words, she prayed him to tell her the woful tragedy. Then the dwarf declared everything to her—the subtilty of Archimago, the wantonness of Fidessa, the wretched pair transformed to trees, the house of Pryde, the combat with Sansjoy, and the luckless conflict with the giant. She heard with patience to the end, but the more she strove to master her sorrow, the greater it became.

"For greater love the greater is the loss."

At last she arose, resolved to find her knight living or dead. The dwarf attended her, and away they went over hill and dale. By good fortune they

chanced to meet a goodly knight, together with his squire. His armour glittered like the sun's rays, and he wore upon his breast a baldric that shone with precious stones like twinkling stars. By his side hung his sword in a carved ivory sheath, with a hilt of burnished gold and a handle of mother of pearl, buckled with a golden tongue. His helmet was of gold, covered with a golden dragon, with two extended wings, and adorned by a plume of divers coloured hair, dressed with sprinkled pearls and gold. His large shield was neither of steel nor brass, but of one perfect diamond, hewn out of adamantine rock; it could not be pierced by point of spear or sword. His squire carried his ebony spear, with a point thrice hardened in the fire. All this admirable suit of armour was wrought by Merlin for the knight who wore it. He was the renowned Prince Arthur, one of the bravest champions in Fairyland. Having inquired of the fair Una the cause of her distress, he at once undertook to attempt the deliverance of the Red Cross knight. So forth they went, guided by the dwarf; and he endeavoured to cheer the gentle lady with kind and courteous words.

Soon they reached a strong and high castle, upon sight of which Prince Arthur alighted from his steed, and bade Una stand aside with the dwarf to see what should befall him. Then he boldly marched forward with his squire to the front of the fortress.

The gates were shut, and no living thing was to be seen. The squire took a small bugle which hung at his side, with twisted gold and gay tassels. This horn had great virtues, for its sound could be heard at the distance of three miles, and echo answered it three miles further. No false enchantment could abide the terror of that blast, and no gate or lock was strong enough to resist it, but presently flew wide open. This horn the squire blew before the giant's gate; whereupon the castle quaked to the ground, and every door forthwith flew apart. The giant

*They meet
Prince
Arthur, who
undertakes to
defend them.*

*They arrive
at an un-
known castle.*

*The magic
bugle.*

himself came rushing forth from an inner bower, with a stern, staring countenance and staggering steps. And after him the proud Duessa came, mounted on her beast, every head of which wore a crown and had its flaming fiery tongue outstretched.

As soon as Prince Arthur saw his foe he flew fiercely at him. On this the giant lifted up his knotty club, and brought it down with such a furious stroke, that it made a furrow in the ground three yards deep. But the prince had lightly leaped aside, and whilst the giant was trying to rear up his club, he smote off one of his arms. He brayed with a tremendous yelling noise, which when Duessa heard, she hastily drove forth her dreadful beast, who came ramping and threatening with all its heads. But the squire made it retreat, and stood sword in hand between it and his lord. Duessa, full of spite at this, took her golden cup, and after muttering some charms and enchantments, she lightly sprinkled it over the squire, so that his sturdy courage was quelled, and his senses dismayed with sudden dread. So he fell down before the bloody beast, who planted his cruel claws on his neck, and would have crushed all life out of him. His master perceiving the danger, with great anguish of heart, ran to his loved squire, and, lifting up his sword on high, smote one of the deformed heads

Prince Arthur's combat with the giant. of the animal and clove it in twain. At this the beast roared *Duessa's beast.* horribly, and beat the empty air with his long tail. In his fury he would have thrown off his gorgeous rider, and trampled her in the mud, had not the giant come up to her aid and made the prince retire. The strength of both his arms was now in his left one, since the other had been hewn off. So he swung his enormous club high in the air, and dashed it down upon the prince's shield. The heavy blow brought the prince to the ground, and in his fall the veil which covered his shield flew off, and the dazzling light blazed forth, which when the giant saw, he dropped his arm

and let down his club. And the beast was blinded by the flashing beams, and all his senses were so dazed that he fell down upon the ground.

When his mistress perceived him to stagger and sink, she began to call loudly, "Help, Orgoglio, else we shall all perish."

Moved by her cries, the giant addressed himself to battle anew; but in vain, for he saw his end in that bright shield, and he had no power to hurt, or to defend himself. Prince Arthur advanced and smote off his right leg. So he fell like an aged tree rolling from a rocky cliff, or like a *The giant is overcome.* castle undermined, and seemed to shake the earth with his weight. The prince then lightly leaped to him, and hewed off his head; whereupon, as soon as breath left his breast, his huge body vanished away, and nothing remained of the monstrous mass but the outside, like an empty bladder.

When Duessa spied his grievous fall, she threw her golden cup and her mitre to the ground, and fled away; but the squire ran after her, and seized her as his lord's prey. Meantime, the royal Una *The squire captures Duessa.* gartefully thanked the prince for his bold deeds of valour, and prayed him to enter the castle and bring out her dear knight, whom she had lost for so long. Then he gave Duessa in charge to the squire, and ordered him to guard her carefully, and himself went into the castle. He searched the halls, calling loudly, but no one answered.

"There reigned a solemn silence over all;
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall."

At last there slowly crept forth, with crooked pace, an aged man, with a beard as white as snow, supporting his feeble steps on a staff, and guiding his way by it; for his eyesight had failed long since. On his arm he bore a bunch of rusty keys, and ever as he went he turned his wrinkled face backward. He was the ancient keeper of the place, and had been the giant's foster-father.

Ignaro was his name. Prince Arthur honoured his reverend age and gravity,

Prince Arthur searches the castle. and gently asked him, "Where were all the people who dwelt in this stately building?" He answered softly, "He could not tell."

Again he asked, "Where is that knight whom great Orgoglio made his captive?"

And again the other answered, "He could not tell."

Then he said, "By which way can I pass in?"

To which the other replied, "He could not tell," and would make no other answer.

The prince was displeased, and said, "Old sire, surely thou knowest not how ill it becomes that silver head to mock in vain. Answer me gravely what I ask of thee."

His answer was, "He could not tell;" so the prince, marking his doted ignorance and senseless speech, guessed his nature, and stepping up to him took the keys, and opened the different doors. He found the chambers filled with royal arras and resplendent gold; but the floor was dreadful to view, covered with the blood of innocent babes who had been slain there, and ashes strewn over it; and there was a marble altar, carved with curious imagery, on which many martyrs had been killed.

Prince Arthur sought through every room and tower, but could nowhere find the captive. At length he came to an iron door, fast locked, but no key in the bunch would open it. However, there was a little grating in it, through which he called to see if any one was within. A hollow, dreary, murmuring voice answered feebly, "Who brings me the happy choice of death? Long months have I lain here in darkness. Welcome, if thou bringest true tidings of death."

And finds the Red Cross knight in a dungeon.

The prince was thrilled with pity at these sad words, and with all

his strength rent the iron door; but found no floor within, but a deep descent, from which issued a baneful smell. However, neither this nor the darkness could restrain the prince, but he let himself down, and after much pain and labour he reared up the prisoner, who could scarcely stand. He was a sad sight to behold. His dull eyes, sunk in his face, could not bear the light; his cheeks were thin and bare, and his sides fallen in; his arms, which once hewed helmets through and could rive steel plates, hung shrunken by him; and his voice was weak and low.

When Una saw him, she ran to him with hasty joy. To see him again made her glad; but she was sorrowful to view his pale and wan visage. Weeping, she said, "Welcome, my dear lord in weal or woe, whom I have lost so long; and fie on cruel Fortune, whose spite is now, I hope, allayed, and better times shall come."

Prince Arthur also bid the knight take comfort, and told him that his foe lay dead outside, and that the wicked woman who had caused all his woe was captive, and might be killed. But the gentle Una interceded for her life, and asked that she might be allowed to flee. So they took off her purple robes, her jewels, ornaments, and the charms she wore, and found she was a foul and loathsome hag; no teeth, no hair, and with a fox's tail, and, instead of feet, the claw of an eagle and the paw of a bear.

*Duessa is
discovered
to be a hag.*

She ran away with speed to the wilderness, to lurk in rocks and caves. But the two knights, Una, the squire, and the dwarf went into the unused parts of the castle, where they found stores of all that was dainty and rare; and there they passed some weeks to refresh themselves.

After a while they parted, to resume their journeys, having pledged firm friendship to each other. And as tokens, Prince Arthur gave the knight a little diamond box arched over with gold, which held a few drops of a rare

liquor which could cure any wound. And the knight gave him in return a little book, which contained the Testament written in golden letters. So the prince and his squire went one way, and the knight, his dear Una, and the dwarf another.

The next adventure which befel the knight and Una was that they met an unhappy man riding in great haste, with a hempen rope round *The next* his neck, which had a strange appearance over his glittering *adventure -* armour. This was Sir Trevisan, flying from the cave of Despair, *Sir Trevisan.* where there dwelt a wicked wretch, whose delight was to render all men miserable, and persuade them to put an end to their lives. For this purpose he had crept out, like a snake in the grass, and enticed Sir Trevisan and a companion of his with many false words, giving Trevisan a rope to hang himself, and the other a rusty knife.

When the Red Cross knight had questioned Trevisan, he desired to visit the cave and hear the words of its inhabitant; so he prevailed upon Trevisan to show him the way. They soon reached the spot, a hollow cavern under a craggy cliff. It was dark, doleful, and dreary, like a yawning grave. Over it sat a ghastly owl, shrieking his baleful note, and wandering ghosts hovered near. Here and there, on the rugged rocks, were old stocks and stubs of trees, bare of fruit or leaf, on which many wretches had hanged themselves, whose carcasses lay scattered on the green and thrown about the cliffs.

When they came to the cave, Trevisan would fain have fled again; for he *The cave of* saw the corpse of his companion lying on the blood-stained *Despair.* grass, with the fatal knife plunged into the heart. But the Red Cross knight forced him to stay, and went into the cave. The man was sitting on the ground, musing sullenly and sadly. His long, grisly locks hung down on his round shoulders, and partly hid his face and his thin,

bony cheeks. His hollow eyes looked on the comers with a dull stare, and his garment was many ragged cloths pinned and patched together with thorns.

The knight began to converse with him; and after some talk, the miscreant so allured the champion with artful words and speeches of feigned wisdom, that he desired even to end his own life, and live no longer—so persuasive were the arguments of this villain. Then the wretch, when he perceived him wavering and doubtful, yet half inclined, brought swords, ropes, poison, and fire, and bade him choose. But when he saw him take none of these, he handed to him a sharp and keen dagger. The knight took it with a trembling hand, while his countenance betrayed the troubled workings of his mind; and being resolved to work his own destruction, lifted it up, which when Una beheld, she ran very hastily to him, snatched it away, and threw it on the ground, saying—

“Fie, faint-hearted knight, is this the battle thou art going to wage with the terrible dragon? Come away, and let not these vain words bewitch thee; arise, let us leave this cursed place.”

So he rose, and mounted, prevailed on by her words. And when the carle saw them departing safe, full of despite, he chose a halter and hung himself; yet he could not work his own death thereby, for he cannot die—

“Till he shall die his last, that is, eternally.”

By this occurrence Una saw that her knight was still feeble and faint through his long imprisonment, and, as yet, unfit for the great battle. So she resolved to conduct him to a place where he might be cheered and refreshed.

There was an ancient house not far away, renowned for sacred lore, and for the piety of them that dwelt therein. It was well governed by a grave and virtuous lady, named Dame Coelia, whose only *They go to
Dame Coelia's
house.* joy was to relieve the needs of wretched souls, and help the

helpless poor. She was the mother of three daughters. The two elder, Fidelia and Speranza, were betrothed, but not yet wedded ; the youngest, Charissa, was married, and had many children. On arriving at this place they found the door fast locked, for it was well guarded for fear of many foes. But when they knocked, the porter readily opened to them. He was an aged man, bent in his walk, and guiding his steps with a staff. His name was Humiltá. They entered, stooping low, for the passage was very straight and narrow. But when they had got through it, they came into a spacious, pleasant court, where a courteous freeman met them, named Zeal, who gladly guided them to the hall. Here they were received by a gentle squire of mild demeanour, clad in comely, grave attire, named Reverence, who addressed them with great modesty and respect, and afterwards led them to the lady. She was counting her beads ; and this done, she rose and welcomed them with grace, especially rejoicing to see Una, whom she knew to spring from a heavenly line.

“It is strange,” said she, “to see a knight in this place, so few turn their steps into the narrow path that leads this way ; they rather choose the broad highway with such company.”

“I hither came to see thyself, and to rest tired limbs, O sage matron,” said Una ; “and this good knight came with me, led with thy praises and broad-blazed fame, which is blown up to heaven.”

The lady entertained them with all courtesy and great bounty, causing them to be seated beside her.

Whilst they were conversing of sundry things, two fair virgins entered, arm in arm, with modest grace. The eldest, Fidelia, was arrayed in lily white, and carried in her right hand a golden cup, filled with wine and water, in which a serpent lay enfolded. In her other hand she bore a book, signed and sealed with blood, in which dark things were written, hard to be comprehended. The younger, Speranza, was clad in blue. She seemed somewhat

pensive and sad, not so cheerful as her sister—whether from some anguish in her heart is hard to tell; she leant upon a silver anchor. When they saw Una they went towards her, and many kind speeches passed between them, and then they saluted the knight. The aged Cœlia shortly after said—

“Dear lady, and you, good sir, I think that with your toils and long labours ye must be wearied; therefore I advise you to rest awhile.”

Then she called a groom, Obedience, who led the knight to a goodly bower, took off his heavy arms, and laid him in an easy bed.

Now, when all were well refreshed, Una asked Fidelia to take the knight into her school-house, that he might taste her heavenly learning, and hear the wisdom of her divine words. This she granted, and disclosed to him all her sacred book, in which none could read unless she taught them; and she told him many wondrous things, for she was able with her words to kill and to raise to life again. And, when she chose to exert all her spirit, she could command the sun to stand, or to turn his course backward through the heaven; she could dismay great hosts of men; she could divide the floods, and pass through them; she could command huge mountains to move and throw themselves into the sea.

In a short time, through hearing the wisdom of Fidelia and of Speranza, the faithful knight grew to think but little of the world, and turned his thoughts to things celestial. And he was also cured of all his hurts, and the effects of his long captivity, by two skilful leeches, named Patience and Repentance. When recovered, they brought him to Una, who rejoiced greatly at his cure, and, gently kissing him, besought him to cherish himself, and put away consuming thought from his breast.

They then went to the third sister, Charissa, whom they found playing with a multitude of babes, whom she fed whilst they were weak and young. She was attired in yellow robes, and wore a golden tiara, adorned with rich

gems and settings ; she was seated in an ivory chair, and by her sat a gentle pair of turtle doves. The knight and Una greeted her courteously, and bid her joy of those infants, and she answered them graciously and entertained them cheerfully. Then she took the knight by the hand, and began to instruct him in every good behest of love, and righteousness, and doing well. After which she said she would show him the way to heaven. So she called an ancient matron, named Mercy, whose sober looks showed her wisdom, well known to be gracious and liberal, and bid her guide his steps.

The aged dame led him along a narrow path, scattered with bushy thorns and ragged briars, which she removed before him, and pushed aside. They reached a holy hospital, which stood by the roadside, with its gates wide open to all who were travelling the weary way, and one sat in the porch to call in all that were needy and poor. In the hospital lived seven Beadsmen who had vowed to spend their lives in the service of heaven's high King. The eldest was guardian and steward, and had charge and government of the house. His office was to give lodging and entertainment to all who came or went—not to such as could repay him, but to those who could not requite what he spent on them. The second was almoner of the place; he fed the hungry and gave drink to the thirsty. The third had custody of their wardrobes, in which were not rich attires or gay garments, but clothes to keep the cold away. With these he daily clad many wretched wights, and if he had no spare clothes, would often cut his own cloak and distribute it. The fourth was appointed to relieve poor prisoners, and redeem captives from the Turks and Saracens. The fifth had charge to attend sick persons, and to comfort those at the point of death. The sixth had care of the dead, to bury them in a seemly manner, and to deck their graves with flowers. The seventh took care of their widows and tender orphans. He would plead their right in judgment; nor did he dread the power of mighty men in their defence,

and when they were in necessity he supplied their wants. The knight was received in this house with welcome, and his guide with due reverence; for she was patroness of the order, though Charissa was the foundress.

The knight stayed awhile to rest, and was instructed by them in every good work of alms and charity. Then, when he was stronger, they went on to a hill that was both steep and high, and with difficulty came at last to the top. Here was a sacred chapel, and a little hermitage hard by, in which a holy aged man dwelt, named Contemplation. He said his devotions both day and night, and applied himself to no worldly business, but meditated on heavenly things. They found the aged sire, with snowy locks falling upon his shoulders, who greeted them humbly, and asked to what end they had climbed that tedious height.

“What end,” said Mercy, “but that which every one should make his mark—to attain high heaven? From hence is the way to that glorious house, that glistens bright with burning stars and everliving fire. The wise Fidelia, who gave thee the keys of it, desires thee to show it to this knight.”

The hermit consented, and took the knight to the highest point of a mount, from whence he pointed out to him a little path, both steep and long, which led to a goodly city. Its walls and towers were built high and strong, with pearls and precious stones. “That,” said he, “is the city of the great King, where eternal peace and happiness dwell. The way to it, after long labours and sad delay, will bring thee to joyous rest and endless bliss.”

As the knight gazed, he saw its stately buildings with high towers extending to the starry spheres, and angels descending to and fro from the skies. “Till now,” said he, “I thought the great Cleopolis, in which the Queen of Fairies dwells, the fairest city that might be seen, and its crystal tower the brightest thing that was; but this city far surpasses it, and this angel’s tower quite dims that tower of glass.”

“Most true,” answered the hermit; “but Cleopolis is the fairest town on earth, and it well beseems all knights of noble fame to haunt it, and offer their service to the queen. So shall their names be written in the immortal book of fame. And thou, fair knight, dost well to succour this desolate princess, and must not forego her care till thou hast rid her of her foe. That done, thou mayst travel this path, which shall lead thee to the great city. And there in after times shalt thou be a saint, and befriend thine own nation. St. George of merry England shalt thou be.”

“But why, old father,” said the knight, “dost thou read me of English blood, whom all call a fairy’s son?”

“Thy birth,” said the hermit, “I shall declare. Thou art sprung from a race of ancient Saxon kings, who reared their royal thrones in British land. A fairy stole thee from thy cradle, and left her own elfin child in thy place. Such, men call changelings, as changed by the theft of fairies. She brought thee into Fairyland, and hid thee in a heaped furrow. A ploughman guiding his team found thee, and reared thee in a ploughman’s state, naming thee Georgos.* Then thou camest to the fairy court to seek for fame, and prove thy arms.”

“O holy sire,” said the Red Cross knight, “how shall I quit the favours I have received from thee? Thou hast taught me the way to heaven, and shown me my name and nation.”

This said, he looked to the ground, thinking to return; but his eyes were dazed with the brightness of the distant city, and his senses confounded. At last, when he came to himself, he took leave of the heavenly sire with great thanks, and returned to Una, who rejoiced to see him. So, after a little rest, they took leave of Coelia and her three daughters, and resumed their journey.

* Which in the Greek signifies a husbandman.

In a short time they arrived in the native country of the princess, who pointed out to her knight the brazen castle in which her royal parents were shut up. "I see," said she, "the watchman on the highest tower, waiting for tidings." So saying, she began to cheer the champion, and in her modest manner thus spoke:

*They arrive
in the
native country
of Una.*

"Dear knight, who sufferest all these sorrows for my sake, may high heaven behold the tedious toil ye have undertaken."

Upon this, they heard a hideous roaring sound that seemed to shake the earth, and they espied the dreadful dragon. He lay stretched on the sunny side of a great hill; but as soon as he saw St. George's glistening armour, he roused himself, and began to move towards them. The knight bade his lady withdraw a little, that she might be safe from danger; so she obeyed, and went to another hill, from whence she could view the combat. On came the beast, half flying, half on foot, overshadowing a great piece of land with his huge carcass. On approaching the knight he reared aloft his monstrous, horrible body, which was all swollen with poison and gore. He was covered with huge brazen scales, which he clashed together with a dreadful noise, like an eagle raising his plumes. His flaggy wings were like two windmill sails, the feathers of his pinions resembled mainyards lined with flying canvas; and when he flapped them, he flew faster onwards. His huge long tail was wrapped up in a hundred folds, with thick entangled knots, spotted with red and black. It was nearly three furlongs in length, and two stings of deadly sharpness were fixed in its point. But these were exceeded by his cruel rending claws, for death was certain to whatever his ravenous paws clutched, or came within his reach. His head was the most hideous of all, for his devouring jaws gaped like a deep abyss, with long ranges of iron teeth, in which was seen his half-devoured prey; and a cloud of smoke and sulphur steamed from his

*They see
the dragon.*

throat, filling the air with a hideous stench. His blazing eyes were like two bright shields, but full of rage and rancorous ire ; they were set far in his head, in a dreadful shade.

He came forward with joy to see a new prey, and lifted up his speckled breast aloft. *The terrible combat.* The knight couched his ready spear, and rode at him with all his might. The steel could not pierce his hide, but glanced aside. The beast, enraged with the rude force of the push, turned about, and with a brush of his long tail sent horse and man to the ground. They lightly rose up again, and addressed to a new encounter ; but the spear again recoiled, and found no place to pierce. The beast grew furious, for he felt that the strokes were more powerful than those of former foes. So he spread his waving wings, lifted himself high from the ground, and with strong flight forcibly divided the yielding air. Then, soaring round, he stooped low suddenly and in an unwieldy way, and snatched up horse and man. He bore them above the plain, as far as a bow-shot, till they, by struggling, constrained him to let them drop ; then the knight again essayed to thrust his spear through the brazen scales. He struck with a force equal to three men ; the stiff beam quaked, and glancing from the scaly neck, glided under the left wing and made a large wound. The monster gave horrible shrieks like the roaring of a tempest, but the spear stuck fast till he seized it with his claws, and broke off the wooden beam ; the steel head was left. Forth flowed a river of black blood that drenched all the land beneath him, and fiery flames issued from his nostrils. Then he hurled his tail about, and entwisted the limbs of the knight's good steed in it, who, plunging and striving to free himself, threw his rider on the ground. The knight quickly sprang up, drew his blade, and struck furiously and fast on the monster's crest. But the hardened iron made no dint ; the crest was as hard as adamant ; and the beast tried to fly again, but found he could not move his left wing.

He brayed loudly, and sent out a flame of fire from his huge gorge that flashed upon the knight, scorching all his face, and searing his body through his armour. For his mail became so fiery hot that it greatly harmed him; and, faint, wearied, and burnt, he wished for death. His foe, seeing his strength wane, increased his fury, and struck him so strongly with his tail, which he whirled round, that he fell to the ground.

But, by great good fortune, it chanced that, unknown to the knight, there was just behind him a springing well of ancient fame, *The knight falls into the well.* from which a bright stream trickled, full of great virtues. Before the dragon came to that happy land, and defiled its waves with innocent blood, it had been called the well of life. For it could restore the dead, and wash away the guilt of crimes, cure sickness, and renew those decayed with age. Into this well the knight fell backwards, overthrown by the monster. The beast, thinking victory gained, clapped his iron wings, and raised his broad front on high.

By this time the sun was sinking beneath the distant waves, and the anxious Una, looking from afar, could no longer see her champion. She feared that the battle had come to a sad end, and watched all night with trembling disquietude. Before the sunrise, as soon as ever it was light, she looked for him, and to her great joy she saw him start out of the well, like a fresh young eagle.

When the fiend beheld him, he wondered at the sight, and doubted if it were his foe of yesterday, or another. St. George advanced *The second day of combat.* boldly, brandishing his bright sword, and dealt the monster such a deadly blow, that it made a yawning wound even to the skull. The steel was sharpened with the holy water, or else the hands of the knight, through the same cause, had grown stronger. For never till then had force of mortal arm or molten metal so wounded the beast, for neither might nor charms

had any effect on him before. He yelled loudly, and tossed about his tail so wildly that he tore up the trees, and rent some rocks in pieces. Then, lifting it high above his head, he struck the knight with it, so that the sting pierced right through his shield and stuck in his shoulder. The champion rose up, and in great pain tried to get it out, but failed; so, holding his sword firmly, he struck the tail so hard that he cleft it at the fifth joint, and only left an end yet growing from the beast. The monster threw forth the most terrible roars, with flashes of fire and volumes of smoke, and, enflamed with rage, he lifted himself out of the mire with his uneven wings, and fell heavily on St. George's shield, grasping it in his claws. The knight was much encumbered, for he knew not how to make him loose his hold. He thrice tried to pull the buckler from his griping talons, but in vain. At last he laid upon him with his trusty sword, and forced him to undo one of his grasping feet to defend himself. The other he smote with all his might, and hewed it off, though still it grasped the shield. The monster threw forth huge flames that dimmed all the light of heaven, wrapped in dusky smoke and blue brimstone. The great heat made the knight retire, and, slipping in the mire, he fell. He fell beneath a tree loaded with rosy apples, and from its bark flowed a stream of balm, which trickled along the plain. This saved him from death a second time, for the beast durst not approach that tree, but retired in spiteful fury.

The night came on, and darkness fell over everything. Una watched *The third day of combat.* through another weary night, until the day broke, and the lark began to sing. Then the knight again rose up, fresh and strong, and spied his foe, waiting for him as near as he dared come. When St. George advanced the beast rushed gaping upon him, to swallow him up; but the knight took advantage of his open jaw, and, plunging his weapon into the deep gorge, drew forth all his life blood. The beast fell down, and the earth groaned beneath him, as when a huge rocky cliff tumbles into the sea, and an

enormous volume of smoke poured forth. The knight himself even trembled at the fall of the horrible mass, and his dear lady durst not approach for dread. But when she saw the fiend lie without stirring, she took courage and drew nearer, and praising Heaven, she thanked her faithful knight, who had achieved so great a conquest.

As soon as the last breath of smoke had gone up, the watchman began to call loudly to his lord and lady that the dragon was slain. *The dragon is slain.* The aged king arose, and looked forth to see if the news were indeed true, and seeing it was so, ordered the brazen gates to be thrown wide open, and peace and joy to be proclaimed throughout the land. Then the triumphant trumpets began to sound, the news spread far and wide, and the people assembled in great numbers. The king and queen came forth, clad in long antique robes of a sad colour, and surrounded by a noble band of sage and sober peers. Far before marched a crew of tall young men carrying laurel branches. They came in order to the mighty conqueror, and bowing low before him, proclaimed him their lord and patron, and threw *The triumphal procession.* their laurel boughs at his feet. Soon after them followed a troop of virgins, adorned with fresh bright garlands, and playing on their timbrels. And before these ran a crowd of young children, with wanton sports and childish mirth, singing a joyous lay to the music of the timbrels. They all went to where the fair Una stood, who received them smiling ; they knelt before her, sung her everlasting fame, and crowned her with a green garland. Then poured forth all the multitude, eager to behold the victorious man.

But when they came to where the dragon lay, stretched on the ground in all its monstrous size, they were dismayed with fear and did not dare to approach it. Some fled ; and one, that would be wiser than the rest, warned them not to touch it, lest some lingering life remained, or that beneath his wings might be a nest of young dragonets. Another said that he saw spark-

ling fire yet in his eyes ; another, that he saw them move. One mother, when her foolhardy child came too near and played with the talons, half dead with fear, scolded the baby, and said to her neighbours, "The claws may scratch his hands." Thus they stood staring and talking, while some of the boldest began to measure the monster, to see how many acres he covered.

Meanwhile, the hoary king, with all his train, came up to the champion, and greeted him, presenting him with rich gifts of ivory and gold, and giving him a thousand thanks. Then, beholding his dear daughter, he embraced and kissed her. Both were brought to his palace with shawms, trumpets, and clarions ; and all the way the joyous people sang, and strewed the streets

The banquet. with their garments. Having reached the building, they found all fitting for a royal court, and the floor spread with costly scarlet, on which they sat. We need not tell of the feast, with its dainty dishes and courtly train. Yet was there not vain luxurious pomp, for the antique world hated excess and pride.

When the banquet was over, the king demanded of his guest what strange adventures and perils had befallen him in his travels. He, with grave utterance, told of all his journeyings. The king and queen heard him with great pleasure, mixed with pitiful regard, and often lamented the wrathfulness of fate, through which he had endured so many hardships, and been tossed by the freaks of fortune.

Then said the king, "Dear son, you have borne great evils, and have passed through a sea of deadly dangers. Now let us devise of ease and everlasting rest."

"Ah, dearest lord," answered the knight, "I may not yet think of ease. For, by the faith which I have plighted, I am bound, after this enterprise, to serve the fairy queen for six years against a Paynim king, who works her ill. So I must crave pardon till I have been there."

“Unhappy necessity,” said the king; “ye cannot now release the band, for vows must be kept. But return when the six years are expired, and the marriage betwixt ye twain shall be accomplished, and I shall yield my daughter and my kingdom to you.”

He then caused the Princess Una, his only daughter and heiress, to be called. She came forth, as fresh and fair as a flower in May; for she had laid aside her mournful stole and veil, and now she wore a lily-white garment, that seemed like silk and silver mixed. Even her own dear knight wondered at her celestial beauty, for he had often seen her fair, but never so fair as this.

She made a humble reverence to her sire, thus adding grace to her excellence. He, with grave eloquence, began to speak, when, *A messenger arriveth.* lo! a messenger came running in with flying speed, and great pretence of haste, carrying a letter. All who were in the hall stood amazed at his presumption, but he would stay for nought. He ran up to the king, and falling flat before him, put a paper into his hands. The monarch took it, and read thus, aloud:—

“TO thee, most mighty King of fair Eden, sends greeting the woful daughter of the Emperor of the West. She bids thee take heed *With a letter to the king.* ere thou link thy daughter to thy new guest, for he has already plighted his right hand to another love. To me, unhappy maid, he was affianced long time before, and gave and had many sacred pledges. Witness the burning altars on which he swore, and the heavens whom he hath perjured. Therefore, since he is mine, free or bond, living or dead, false or true, withhold, O sovereign prince, from league with him. Think not to tread down my right with strength, for truth is strong to plead her rightful cause, and shall find friends, if need requireth. So bids thee farewell,

“Thy neither friend nor foe,

“FIDESSA.”

When the king had read these strange tidings, he sat a long time in silence, astonished. At last he spoke, with doubtful eyes fixed on his guest.

“Redoubted knight, who perilled life and honour for my sake, let nothing be hid from me. What mean these bloody vows and idle threats? What heavens? What altars? What signify these enraged terms? I am guiltless, but if you, sir knight, are faulty, or wrapped in love of another lady, do not cover it, but disclose the same.”

“My lord and king,” said the Red Cross knight, “be not dismayed at this letter, till ye learn what woman upbraids me with love and loyalty betrayed.”

Hereupon he related to him the wicked arts of Duessa, the falsest dame alive, who called herself Fidessa. And Una, stepping forth, prostrated herself on the ground, saying—

“Pardon me, sovereign lord, if I show the secret treasons wrought lately by that sorceress. It was she who threw this gentle knight into so great distress. And now she hath sent this crafty messenger with vain letters to work this new evil, and break the band betwixt us twain. But if ye examine this false footman, cloaked with simpleness, I guess that ye shall find him to be Archimago.”

The king was greatly moved by her words, and with sudden indignation *Archimago* bade them lay hands on the messenger. Instantly the guards *is seized.* seized and bound him. He endeavoured to escape, but they laid him in a deep dungeon, for in truth it was that false traitor. They chained him hand and foot with iron fetters, and some kept constant watch; so who would have thought that, ere long, by his subtile sleights, he could escape death?

Then, the king's wrath being pacified, he renewed the late forbidden banns, and the knight was tied to his dear Una with sacred rites and vows

for ever. The king himself knitted together the holy knots that nothing but death can loosen, and provided and kindled the sacramental fire by which the vows were sworn, sprinkling holy water on it. *Betrothal of Una and her knight.* A servant lighted the bushy torch at it, and placed the sacred lamp in a hidden chamber, where it should never be quenched by day or night, for fear of evil fates, but should burn steadfastly. Then they sprinkled all the posts with wine, and made a great feast to solemnize the day. The palace was perfumed with frankincense and precious odours, sweet music was played, and songs of love and jollity were sung. And on this, the betrothal day, there resounded through the palace a heavenly noise, as it were of angels singing on high. No one knew whence it came, yet all were ravished with delight, and felt their senses stolen away. Great joy was made by old and young, and a solemn feast proclaimed throughout the kingdom.

The knight thought himself a thrice happy man, thus possessed of his lady's heart and hand, and his heart was filled with pleasure as often as he beheld her. He long enjoyed her joyous presence and sweet company, yet was he not unmindful of his vow, but after a space he left to return to his fairy queen, leaving the princess disconsolate. But when the six years were passed, having done many mighty deeds of arms in the service of his queen, he bade her farewell, and came back with great joy to his love, when his nuptials were solemnized, and in the kingdom of her father he reigned beloved and admired of all men.





TALE II.

THE PERILOUS VOYAGES OF SIR GUY IN SEARCH OF THE BOWER OF BLISS.



AFTER the Red Cross knight had departed from the kingdom of the Princess Una, the cunning enchanter Archimago freed himself from his bonds by secret means, and escaped, leaving his shackles empty. He went forth, full of malice and determined to work mischief and woe to the knight, since Una was now beyond his power. He set all kinds of crafty snares for him, and placed spies to watch his doings; but the good knight had become so wise and wary that he shunned the traps, and avoided the enchanter's wiles. Nevertheless, Archimago hoped yet to succeed in overthrowing him, and to find some means of avenging himself.

One day, as he was wandering beneath a shady hill, he met a goodly knight, armed from head to foot, riding a lofty steed with a golden saddle. He was tall and majestic, with a grave countenance, which became stern and terrible in fight. He was of noble lineage, great in deeds of arms, and had received knighthood from good Sir Huon, King of Guienne, who came once with King Oberon to Fairyland. He bore on his shield the portrait of the great Gloriana, his

*Archimago
meeteth
Sir Guy.*

mistress, the fairy queen. His name was Sir Guy. He was accompanied by a palmer, gray-haired and clad in black, who carried a long staff and led the way with a slow pace, to which the knight restrained his trampling steed.

The false wizard approached him in the likeness of a squire, with a fair countenance, and prayed him to listen to his complaint. Sir Guy reined in his steed, and bade him say on. Archimago then, pretending to quake with fear, told a false tale of how a fair maiden had been almost slain by a caitiff knight, and begged Sir Guy to avenge her.

"Does the traitor yet live?" said Sir Guy. "Show me where he is, or how I may track him."

Then with all speed he followed the enchanter, who led him to a spot where a gentle golden-haired lady sat alone, moaning and wringing her hands. The knight was much moved by her sorrow, and having comforted her with kind words, bade her tell him the name of her false foe, that he might avenge her.

"Certes," said she, "I know not his name, but he rode a dapple-gray steed, and bore upon his silver shield the emblem of a bright red cross."

"Now, by my head," said Guy, "I marvel how that knight should so behave, for he is a right good knight, and true of word; he undertook the adventure of the errant damsel, and I hear he hath won great glory in it. Nevertheless, he shall be tried by arms, and else he acquit himself, shall make you dear amends." So saying, he leapt to horse again, and bade Archimago guide him to the Red Cross knight.

But this maiden was none other than the false Duessa, whom the enchanter had found wandering in the wilderness, lurking in rocks and underground caves, clothed in green moss. And to work his evil purposes he had conspired with her, and decked her out as a fair lady, feigning himself to

be her squire. Now he led Guy by a toilsome road, through woods and mountains, till they arrived at a pleasant dale betwixt two hills, a cool and shady valley, through which ran a little rivulet. There sat a knight with his helm unlaced, refreshing himself with the cold, sparkling water.

"Lo, yonder he is," cried Archimago; "speed you well in fight, and we will view the combat from afar." So saying, he fled and *The two knights meet.* left him.

But the two knights recognised each other well, for they were both champions of Queen Gloriana, and had dwelt together at the fairy Court. So they spoke courteously ere they fell to arms, and Guy learnt the treachery of Archimago and his false devices. By this time the aged palmer came up, and, when he saw the Red Cross knight, gave him great praise of his late-done deeds.

"Fair son," said he, "may you have joy and everlasting fame of your hard achievement; your name is enrolled in glorious registers. But we must now begin to run a like race, and Heaven guide thee, Guy, to end thy work as well."

"Palmer," said St. George, "I did but what I ought; and may you, sir knight, fare as well as thought can wish, for you are worthy of all good."

So they plighted hands, and parted with fair words.

Then Sir Guy followed his guide, the palmer, through many lands, and overcame many perils, always gaining honour. One day, as they passed by a forest-side, they heard a voice ruefully lamenting and bewailing. Sir Guy dismounted and forced his way into the thicket, and there found a lady almost dead beside a fountain, whilst about her played a little babe, ignorant of her misery. Near them lay on the grass the corpse of a youthful knight, his armour besprinkled with blood, and his goodly countenance not yet pale. Sir Guy, with much care, brought the lady's feeble spirit back to life again, but only to renew her grief.

“Alas!” said she, “leave off, and let me die. This was the gentlest knight that ever spurred gay steed; this was Sir Mordant, my dear lord. One day he went forth to seek adventures and prove his puissance, leaving me with this small babe. By evil fortune he came to the place of the false Acrasia, a vile enchantress who hath undone many knights. She dwells on a wandering island, which floateth in a deep and perilous gulf. Shun it, fair sir, if ever you travel that way; you shall know it by its name, the Bower of Bliss. There are brave champions overcome by her false spells, and there she beguiled my dear lord. Hearing of this, I wrapt myself in palmer’s weeds and journeyed until I found him. From the thralls of the witch I released him, and brought him away; but she, ere he left, gave him a charmed cup, over which she had thrown this hidden spell, to act when the cup should be used—

‘Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And loss of love to her that loves to live.’

So, ignorant of this, we went on our journey, till, coming to this fountain, he stooped to drink, and the charm being fulfilled, he fell down dead. And I——” But here, overcome by fresh sorrow, she fell softly back, and ended all her woe in quiet death.

Then were Sir Guy and the palmer sorely grieved at her sad fate, and they made an honourable tomb for the unhappy pair, and covered it with cypress boughs. And Sir Guy drew the sword of the dead knight from its sheath, and with it he cut from each corpse a lock of hair, which he threw into the grave, and made a solemn vow thereby that he would punish the enchantress for her guilty deeds and the evil she had wrought.

Then Sir Guy took up the little smiling babe, and gave it to the palmer to carry, whilst he bore away the load of its father’s arms to preserve for it. But when he came back to the place where he had left his tall steed, with its

golden saddle and gorgeous bridle, he found him gone. Then was he wrathful, but to no avail, for he could not find the horse far or near. So he was obliged to journey on foot, bearing his double burden of arms ; and thus *The castle of* they travelled a long way, till they arrived at an ancient castle *Extremes.* built on a rock adjoining the seas. Therein dwelt three sisters, children of one father by different mothers, and to them the fortress equally belonged. But they agreed not together; the eldest strove always against the youngest, and both against the second. The knight, when he arrived, was well received by the second, who far excelled the two others. Medina was her name, a grave, comely, and courteous lady. She was richly attired in goodly garments, and her golden locks were fastened into many braids. She led the travellers into a pleasant bower, and entertained them graciously.

Meanwhile, her sisters were amusing themselves with their lovers—two knights of peerless power, and famous far abroad. He who loved the eldest lady was named Sir Hudibras—a hardy man, but more huge in strength than wise in fight, who had won renown by many rash adventures ; he was of melancholy countenance, and clad in armour of shining brass. The other was Sansloy, a bold and lawless champion, who cared not what wrong and mischief he did. Each bore a deadly hatred to the other, and they daily warred together, as each wished his lady to think that he excelled in arms, and to find favour in her sight. But when they heard a stranger was in the castle, both knights and ladies were right angry, and they went fiercely forth to battle with him. But before they came to the tower in which he was, they fell to quarrelling, and began a combat, heaping huge strokes upon each other with fury and rage, and making such a din and uproar that all in the house were raised.

Sir Guy came forth at the noise, and when he saw two brave foes fighting with deadly rancour, he snatched up his sun-broad shield, and, unsheathing

his shining blade, ran forward to pacify them. But they, spying him, set upon him both at once, and beset him without remorse, raining blows on his shield like iron sledge-hammers. He, nevertheless, boldly rebutted them, so that they turned their spite against each other, and began to hack and hew with new rage. But he rushed boldly between them, and fought with wondrous prowess. At once he warded and struck, gave and took, and wielded his sword before, behind, and round about. Meanwhile the two ladies stood by and encouraged their champions; but at last the fair Medina came, and running into the thickest of the fight, prayed them to cease, and so compelled them to cease their strife. Then they let fall their weapons and listened to her words, and she bade them refresh themselves and come to the banquet now prepared.

So, after a time, they appeared in the hall, and thither came also the two sisters; but they were both discontented, and one thought the feast too little, the other too much. Elissa, the eldest, would not eat, or speak, or entertain her knight, but sat with bent and frowning brows. Perissa, *The banquet.* the youngest, was sumptuously attired, laughed and jested immoderately, encouraged by Sansloy, and had no measure in her mirth; whilst Hudibras sat still, inwardly tormenting himself. As for Medina, she tried to encourage the one pair and restrain the other, and she prayed Sir Guy to tell them on what adventure he was bound. So, when he had made end of his tale, they saw by the changed skies that the night was far spent, and all retired to rest.

The next morning, Sir Guy, mindful of his vow, rose early, armed himself, and took leave of the fair Medina. To her he committed the little babe, praying her to train him in all virtuous love and gentle nouriture. Then he set forth on foot, with the palmer.

Sir Guy's horse had been stolen by a vain-glorious peasant, named

Braggadocchio, who finding a steed and a spear all ready, ran away with them, *Braggadocchio's* and, puffed up with vanity, determined to go to Court and *adventure.* pass himself off as a knight. On his way he saw a man sitting idly on a sunny bank. Thinking he would frighten him, he rode at him, threatening him with his spear; whereupon the man fell flat upon the ground, begging for mercy. At this Braggadocchio became very proud, and reviled him in a loud voice—

“Vile caitiff, prepare thyself for death, or else yield as my captive for ever, and kiss my stirrup.”

The man obeyed him, and cried, “I am your humble thrall, to follow you wherever you go.” But, as he was cunning and knavish, he soon found out the folly of his master, and he fed him with flattery, and blew the bellows to his vanity.

On their way they met Archimago, who went up to Trompart, the *Archimago* serving-man, and asked him who was that mighty warrior with *meeteth* the golden saddle and spear, but without a sword. *Braggadocchio.*

“He has lost his sword in hard fight,” said he, “and has vowed never to wear one till he be avenged. That spear is enough to make a thousand groan.”

The enchanter rejoiced at this boast, and going up to Braggadocchio, humbly begged him to punish Guy and the Red Cross knight, who had foully slain Sir Mordant and his wife.

Braggadocchio affected great rage, and said, “Old man, show me the way, and I will wreak vengeance on them for their hateful deed.”

“Certes, my lord,” said he, “but I advise you to get a sword before the day of combat, for they be two of the prowtest knights on ground.”

“Dotard,” said Braggadocchio, “your wits fail you through age. You little know what this right hand can do; let them speak who have seen

the battles it has won. Once, when I killed seven knights with one sword, I swore never to carry sword again, unless it be that which the noblest knight on earth wears."

"Perdie, sir knight," replied the enchanter, "I shall shortly bring you that; for the best and noblest knight now alive is Prince Arthur, and he has a sword that flames like a burning brand."

He stayed no longer, but vanished out of sight, flying on the north wind. At this the two were much frightened, and fled, trembling with fear. Soon they arrived at a green forest, where they hid themselves in great terror, their hair standing on end.

*And goeth for
Prince Arthur's
sword.*

Before long they heard a horn loudly sounding, and some one rushing through the thicket. At this Braggadochio fell off his lofty steed and crept into a bush, but Trompart stayed to see what might happen. Presently a fair damsel appeared, of stately presence, clad as a huntress in lily-white silk, with gold aigulets and fringe, and buskins fastened with rich bands clasped with a shining jewel. In her hand she carried a sharp spear, and wore, fastened by a belt, a bow and quiver. Her yellow locks hung loosely over her shoulders, mingled with flowers and buds. She asked Trompart if he had seen a hind pass by; and then, glancing at the bush where Braggadochio stirred, she would have pierced it with her lance, had not Trompart begged her to refrain. At this Braggadochio crawled out on hands and knees, and then, standing up, shook his crest, and would have given rude words; but when he saw the arms in her hand, he was meeker. But after they had spoken together, the lady, not liking his uncouth ways, fiercely shook her javelin at him and departed.

"Let her pass," said Trompart, "for I deem she is some celestial power, for whilst she spoke I quaked and trembled."

"So did I," said Braggadochio; "for I have had this grace from my

birth—never to be affrighted for earthly things, but only for fiends or powers on high. Therefore did I hide; but I came boldly forth when I knew more. But now let us depart, or worse may befall.”

Then he climbed on the noble steed, and began to ride in his awkward manner, which that valiant courser well discerned, and chafed and foamed under his base burden. So they went their way.

Meantime Guy travelled on, guided by the palmer, seeking the dwelling of the enchantress, and on the road he saw a madman dragging by the hair
*Guy meets
the hag and
her son.* an unfortunate stripling, whom he had nearly killed. He was urged on to his wicked deeds by an old hag, his mother, who followed behind, provoking him to further wrath and railing with outrageous words, handing him stones, and even her staff, though she was lame and leant on it. Her robes were ragged and worn, and her gray hair hung over her ill-favoured countenance; it was combed over her face, that none might seize her by it if she were pursued. Sir Guy, after a hard conflict, rescued the unhappy squire, and bound with chains the madman and his mother.

Ere long there came up a varlet running with all haste, raising a cloud of dust, and carrying on his back a brazen buckler, on which was painted a flaming fire in a bloody field. Panting and breathless, he came up, and looked scornfully at Guy, then shook at him two darts with poisoned heads.

“Sir knight,” said he, “if you be a knight, I counsel you abandon this
*He is
threatened by
Atin.* place, or stay at your jeopardy. A knight of wondrous power, my master, is coming, who never yet encountered an enemy but he dismayed him. He is disposed to bloody fight and cruelty; fly, therefore, for he seeks the hag Occasion.”

“What is his name?” said Guy.

“Pyrrhochles,” said the servant, and told his lineage.

“There is the hag whom thou seekest, sitting bound,” said Guy; “take that message to thy lord.”

Away went the varlet Atin, and ere long the wrathful Pyrrhochles came fast pricking along the plain, the sunbeams glancing on his bright armour, and his red steed foaming at the mouth. He stayed not to greet Sir Guy, but galloping fiercely, drove at him with his steel-headed spear. Sir Guy lightly leaped aside, and passing by, smote at Pyrrhochles so strongly with his sword that it glanced off the shield, came down upon the horse's head, and sundered it from the body. Pyrrhochles fell to the ground, and bruised with the fall, slowly arose, and full of fury drew his sword. He struck Guy so fiercely that he cut away the upper margin of his sevenfold shield, and broke open his helmet. Guy reeled and stooped, but recovering himself, dealt a heavy blow at Pyrrhochles, and wounded him in the shoulder. Then he, mad with rage, laid about on every side, hewing and thundering blows; but Guy was wary, and often eluded him till he was breathless and spent. Then, with a fresh onset, he brought Pyrrhochles to the ground, and placed his foot upon the vanquished knight's breast. Pyrrhochles begged for mercy, whereupon Guy generously granted him his life. So he rose up, grinding his teeth and shaking his sandy locks for grief of mind at being conquered. Sir Guy bid him not be aggrieved, and said that the strongest had sometimes the worst. Then he asked him the cause of his anger; and finding it was because he had bound the hag and her son: “If you free them,” said he, “they will do you great hurt; but there they are; I give them to you.”

Thereupon Pyrrhochles immediately unbound them. Then the hag began to revile both Guy and Pyrrhochles, one for conquering, the other for being conquered, and she set her son to fight with Pyrrhochles, who soon became equally enraged. And she brought her son a flaming brand,

wherewith he burned the knight, and then dragged him about the mire and dirt.

“Help, Sir Guy,” cried he at last, “and rescue me from this wretch.”

Sir Guy was moved, and seized his arms.

“Nay,” said the palmer; “he sought this through wilfulness; let him repent.” So he persuaded Guy to pursue his journey.

In the mean time, Atin the varlet, when he saw Pyrrhochles fall beneath Guy in the combat, fled away to carry the news of his death, as he thought, to the knight Cymochles, who was dwelling with the enchantress Acrasia, and prayed him to come and revenge his brother slain.

Cymochles, on his way, came to a river, too broad and deep to ford, but he saw a small boat moving swiftly to the bank, all decked with flowers and boughs. Therein sat a beauteous dame, amusing herself: sometimes she sang, sometimes she laughed, though no one was with her. Cymochles called loudly to her to draw to land, and ferry him over, whereupon she directed her gondola to shore, and took him in; but Atin she would not receive, though the knight prayed her much. Immediately her shallow ship glided away, swifter than a swallow's flight, without an oar, pilot, or sails. She only turned a pin, and it darted from the shore, taking its own course, for it knew how to shun rocks and flats. And on the way, the damsel entertained her passenger with merry tales, but she drowned them in vain laughter, and wanted grace in telling them. Sometimes she adorned herself with fresh garlands and made rings of rushes. Cymochles soon forgot his errand in listening to her idle play, and began to discourse, questioning her who she was.

“Vain man,” said she; “I am Phædria, a fellow-servant of thine, for I, too, serve the great enchantress Acrasia. In this wide inland sea, which is called ‘The Idle Lake,’ I wend in my boat. She knows her port, and I care not whether the wind blow, or if I sail slow or swift, for either serves my turn.”

Whilst she spoke, they had far passed the passage, and arrived at an island that floated in the midst of the great lake. There the boat came to port, and the gay pair stepped on shore, she showing him the pleasantness of the land. It was set among the wide waves like a little nest, green and fertile, with dainty flowers, arbours of fair blossoms, sending forth their faint perfumes, shady trees and sweet singing birds; all was there to allure the mind to careless ease. Cymochles disarmed himself, and rested upon a grassy plain, whilst the damsel lulled him to sleep with a softly sung lay. Then she poured a charmed liquor on his eyes, so that he should not hastily waken, and betook herself to her boat, which sped away to the place where she first was.

By this time Guy had come to the strand, and sought for passage. The boat soon floated towards him, and the damsel took him on board, but not the palmer, whom she would not receive for price or prayers. Guy was loth to leave him, but having entered, could not get out, for the bark at once fitted away, and ran nimbly through the sluggish dull billows, thick as mire. Again the maiden began her pranks, but though Guy was courteous to her, yet he despised her when he saw her gibe and jeer, and pass the bounds of gentle merry-making. Then they arrived at the pleasant isle, but when Guy caught sight of it he was angry, and said—

“Ah, dame, ye have not done right thus to mislead me.”

“Fair sir,” quoth she, “be not displeasèd; who fares on sea cannot command his course, but must yield to winds and waves. Here can you rest awhile in safety till a new passage can be tried.

‘Better safe port, than be in seas distrest;’”

and therewith she laughed.

Guy was half discontented, but stepped ashore, and she showed him the

joys and pleasures of the fair island, and tried to charm him with her songs. But he always prayed her to let him depart, though he did not wish to despise her courtesy. She would not listen, but bade him wait till the tide should be favourable.

In a short time Cymochles awoke, and, ashamed of his idleness, started up, and without asking for the lady, walked down to the shore to depart. On his way he met Sir Guy and Phædria, and being enraged to see the lady with another knight, he challenged Sir Guy to battle. Forthwith they began a fierce combat, and so continued till Phædria ran' between them and entreated them to cease. When she had assuaged their wrath, Guy again begged her to let him continue his journey, and she readily yielded, for she saw that he took no pleasure in her company. So they stepped into the boat, which sped swiftly through the dull waves to the sands on the opposite shore. Then Guy landed, and thanked the lady for her courtesy, and she turned about the boat, and departed to her isle.

Guy soon met Atin on the sands, who was left there when Cymochles was ferried over, and the varlet began to revile him with rude words.

"Vile miscreant," said he, "flying from shame and death, some coward will soon give thee the doom thou deservest." Guy was wrathful, but controlled his anger, and went his way without answering.

Atin had not wandered long before he saw a knight running towards him, breathless and faint, his armour hacked, and covered with dust. He never stayed till he came to the river, into which he hastily leapt, and plunged deeply into the waves, till only his crest was seen above the water. There he tossed about, beating the billows, and was careless of his safety. Atin watched him, when whom should he find him to be but his own lord and master, Pyrrhochles.

"Alas, my lord!" said he; "what betides thee?"

"I burn," answered the knight, "in unquenchable flame, which no waters can extinguish, and I long for death."

Then Atin, grieved at his condition, leapt into the waves to rescue him from drowning, and caught hold of him. But the waves of that sea were so miry and thick that nothing could sink in them, but was upborne near the surface. Whilst they were struggling, there came to the shore a man in ancient robes, with hoary locks, and carrying in his hand a goodly sword. Atin knew him well when he saw him, and cried out—

"Help, help, Archimago, to save my lord!"

Archimago asked Pyrrhochles the reason of his state, who answered it was the doing of the fiend Furor, and the hag his mother. The enchanter then took him out of the water, disarmed him, and in a short space cured him with balms and herbs charmed by mighty spells.

Meanwhile, Guy, who had lost his good guide, the palmer, travelled a long way, for many weeks, through a dreary wilderness, where he found neither inhabitants nor houses. At last he came to a gloomy glade, overshadowed by dark trees from the light of heaven. Into this he penetrated, and there he found an ill-favoured looking, grisly man, uncouth and savage. His face was tanned with smoke, his hair covered with soot, his eyes bleared, and his hands coal-black. He wore an iron coat covered with rust, once embossed with gold underneath. He had in his lap a heap of coins, which he was constantly turning about. Round him lay large piles of gold in every form, some of it rude ore, not yet separated from rock, some of it in bars and square wedges, some in flat, round, unmarked plates; but most of it stamped with antique figures of kings and emperors. As soon as he saw Guy he rose, in great fear, to remove his precious heaps; and poured them through a hole into the earth. But Guy, lightly leaping forward, stayed his hand, and asked him who he was. He answered with disdain—

“Thou art a hardy and rash knight to trouble me and my heaps of precious pelf. I am great Mammon, adored by all worldlings, and I give of my plenty unto all—riches, honours, and estates. So, if thou wilt serve me, these mountains of gold shall all be thine; or, if these be not enough, ten times as much.”

“Mammon,” said Sir Guy, “thy boasts are vain, and thine offers of golden fee idle; proffer thy gifts to those who covet them.

‘Faire shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight;
These be the riches fit for advent’rous knight.
Regard of worldly pelf doth foully blend
And low abase the high heroic spright.’”

Then Mammon represented to him that gold could purchase everything, even crowns and kingdoms, and was greatly to be desired. But Guy replied he thought otherwise of riches, and that they were the root of disquietness, got with guile, preserved with dread, spent with pride, and left behind them grief and trouble, and caused many mischiefs. And when they had disputed awhile, Mammon said that he would show the knight his secret stores, and bade Sir Guy follow him.

Then he led him through the thick covert into a dark hollow passage, which descended a long way into the depths of the earth. At last it widened into a broader space, which led straight to the dark kingdom of Pluto. On the wayside sat two grim figures gnashing their teeth: the one called Pain held an iron whip; the other Strife, a bloody dagger. Opposite were other fiends, cruel Revenge, Despight, Hate, Treason, and one who sat alone named Jealousy, whilst a trembling shadow, called Fear, flitted across the path, and further back in the darkness lurked ugly-faced Shame and lamenting Sorrow. Overhead hovered the grisly bird of Horror, flapping his iron wings, and night owls and ravens flew after him, whilst a mournful strain of woe was

sung by the harpy Celeno, a bird with a woman's face, sitting on a cliff. Guy followed his conductor past these gigantic and shadowy figures, dimly seen in the darkness, till they came to three gates adjoining. One was the house of Sleep, one the terrible gate of Hades, and the third the door of the house of Riches. Before the entrance sat a figure ever wasting away, yet never consumed, named Care.

At the approach of Mammon the door flew open; he entered, and Sir Guy followed him closely. No sooner were they within than the door straightway shut, and an ugly fiend leapt from behind it, and stalked after Guy, watching him as he went. Much he hoped that the knight would touch or even look longingly at any of the treasures, or that sleep would overcome his weary frame, for then he had power to seize him; and so he strode on, holding his cruel claws over him, ready to tear him ravenously to pieces.

The vast house was huge and vaulted, like an enormous cave, and the roof, the floor, the walls, and every cliff were of massive gold, but overgrown with dust and spider's webs. Scarcely could the treasures be seen in the darkness, for there was only a faint shadow of uncertain light, like a dying lamp, or the moon when the night is cloudy. On all sides stood great iron chests and coffers, strongly bound, and the floor was strewn with skulls, dead men's bones, and unburied carcases. Then Guy and his guide came to an iron door, which flew open of its own accord, and showed within such great wealth of riches as mortal eyes had never yet seen. These were guarded by a covetous sprite, who drove away other fiends.

Soon Mammon turned to the warrior again, and offered him these things as rewards; but Guy said he sought other happiness. Mammon gnashed his teeth and grieved that he could not tempt his guest, but thought that ere long he would entrap him in another way. They went on to another room, wherein were a hundred furnaces burning and roaring brightly, and by each

furnace stood many horrible and deformed fiends, toiling hard. Some blew huge bellows, others threw on fresh fuel with iron tongs; some skimmed the dross from the hissing molten metal, others stirred it with great ladles. But when they saw an earthly man, glittering in arms, they ceased their toilsome work, for they had never before seen living creatures. Guy was almost dismayed by their ugly shapes and fiery staring eyes, but he stood still.

Now," said Mammon again, "change thy wilful mood, lest thou afterwards repent."

"Nay," said Guy, "suffice it to say I refuse thine offers; give me leave to follow my enterprise."

Mammon was much displeased, but led him on, to entice him further.

They went through a narrow passage, till they came to a broad gate of beaten gold, standing open. There stood a huge golden giant, holding an iron club, which he could heavily wield. He was of terrible portance and stern looks, far surpassing mortal height. He raised his ponderous weapon on high, and threatened battle to the knight, who began to draw his sword; but Mammon stopped him, and bade the giant forbear. They passed into the chamber, which was like a solemn temple: the roof was upheld by great golden pillars, and each column was decked with crowns, diadems, and rich jewels. And in the hall was a large crowd of people in tumultuous uproar, all striving to reach the upper part. There, on a stately seat, sat a woman gorgeously arrayed in royal robes. She held by one hand a long gold linked chain, whose upper end was in the skies, and its lower below the ground, firmly stretched. The crowd were endeavouring to seize this chain, and to climb aloft by it. Some had already struggled a little way up, stepping by the links, and they tried to keep the remainder of the people down. Those who were below pulled back the others, and would not suffer them to rise. Guy inquired who the lady might be, and Mammon told him

she was his daughter, and possessed all honours and dignities to give to her servants.

“And since,” said he, “thou hast found favour in my sight, I will give her to thee for wife.”

Guy thanked him, but would not accept his offer, for he said his troth was plighted to another lady.

Then Mammon took him into a garden, gloomy. There grew no fair herbs or flowers of earthly hue, but only plants fit to adorn the dead or deck a tomb—poppies, hellebore, colicquintida, and the poisonous cicuta. The walks were shadowed with cypress boughs, and dark ebony. In the midst was a silver seat covered with an arbour, where Queen Proserpine often sat, and beside it grew a large tree laden with rich golden apples and fair blossoms. Its branches stretched far over the walks, and even beyond the high earthen mound which encompassed the garden. Guy went to the borders and climbed up this bank, and looking down, saw beneath him the black river of Cocytus, full of many sprites weeping and wailing. Into the sad waves they were continually plunged by cruel fiends, unmindful of their groans. One wight he saw drenched beneath the cold waters and trying in vain to reach some of the golden apples from the drooping boughs; and another who for ever strove to cleanse his hands, which no washing could again restore. But Mammon would not suffer him to look longer, but said, “Thou fool, why dost not thou take of the golden fruit, and seat thyself on that silver chair in the cool shade?”

But the knight was wary, and refused, for he saw the dreadful fiend lurking behind to rend him in pieces. Three days had now passed since he began this enterprise, and as he felt himself feeble for want of food and sleep, he asked Mammon to guide him back to the upper earth. The demon, though loth, was forced to obey, for no living man might remain

longer below, so he brought him back. But as soon as Guy felt the fresh air and the sunlight, his enfeebled frame was overcome, and he fell senseless on the grass.

In the mean time, the palmer, who was denied passage by the Maiden of the Idle Lake, had gained a crossing through other means, and was on his way searching for Guy. Suddenly he heard a clear voice calling, "Come hither, oh, come hastily!" and so he quickened his feeble steps and went into the shady dell where Mammon had been. There lay Guy, senseless, and beside him sat a fair young man of wondrous beauty. His face seemed resplendent with light, his golden locks hung over his ivory forehead, and on his shoulders were two wings of brightly painted feathers.

The palmer was afraid, but the genius spoke, saying, "Long lacked has been thy faithful aid ; but, reverend sire, be not afraid of dolour and death, for life shall ere long return. I commend his safety to thee, and I also will guard him, invisible from his foe and mine ; but watch thou, for evil is at hand." So saying, he spread his wings and vanished.

The palmer was much amazed, and gazed after him awhile ; then, turning to his charge, he found life not quite dislodged, and began to tend him carefully. Ere long, alas, he spied two Paynim knights coming in bright armour, led by an aged hermit, whilst before them ran a light-footed varlet breathing enmity. These were the two sons of Acrates, Cymochles and Pyrrhochles, and their servant Atin. They were guided by the crafty Archimago, that they might work evil to Guy. When they approached they well knew Guy's person, as they had each fought with him, and Pyrrhochles, inflamed with rage, bade the palmer abandon that base carcase. The palmer fearlessly answered that they had proved Guy's courage, and knew him to be bold, and that vile was the vengeance which spent itself upon a sleeping corpse. But Cymochles only railed, and Pyrrhochles said that to wreak his spite he would

take from Guy his arms and shield. The palmer prayed them not to do such unknighly deeds, but to leave these arms to deck his hearse.

“He shall have no hearse or grave,” said Pyrrhochles; “but shall be entombed in the raven or the kite.”

Then one began to take the champion's good shield, and the other to unlace his helm; but whilst they were at their foul work they spied a knight approaching, riding a prancing Libyan steed, and followed by a squire carrying an ebon lance and a covered buckler. The enchanter knew him from afar, and hastily bid them rise and fall to arms, “for,” said he, “here comes the bravest knight alive, Prince Arthur, the flower of chivalry, who hath killed a thousand Saracens.”

They started up furiously and prepared for battle, but Pyrrhochles was without a sword, and begged Archimago to give him the one he was carrying for Braggadochio.

“I would gladly,” said the wizard, “but it would work you no good. For this is yonder knight's own sword, made for him by Merlin; the metal of it was mixed with medæwart, so that no enchantment might save from its dint; then it was wrought in the flames of *Ætna*, and seven times dipped in *Styx*. No steel or stone can defend from the stroke of it, nor will it break or bend, nor can it be used by Arthur's foes.”

“Foolish old man,” said the Paynim; “charms cannot withstand strength. Thou shalt soon see me slay its lord with this brand.” So he snatched it from Archimago, and bound Guy's shield round his wrist.

By this time Prince Arthur came up and saluted them, but they only answered with angry looks. Then the palmer told him what they would have done, and he entreated them to forbear, but the enraged Pyrrhochles fell upon him in fight. Whereupon there arose a terrible conflict, in which the prince fought single-handed against these two furious Saracens. At last, after long

battle, he overcame Cymochles, and overthrew him with a mortal stroke. Then the rage of Pyrrhochles was redoubled, and he smote often at Arthur with the enchanted sword. But it always swerved aside, and would yield no blow, though when Arthur would have struck Pyrrhochles, he could not do so for Guy's shield, which the Saracen held before him, and whereon was painted the picture of the Fairy Queen. At last Pyrrhocles threw away the sword, and they grasped each other with mighty force. The prince was victor in the end, and offered the Paynim his life; but he refused all grace, so he struck him with Guy's sword, which the palmer had reached him, a deadly blow.

By this time Guy had recovered from his faint, and when he saw his two foes slain, and the palmer had told him all, he gave great thanks to Prince Arthur. But the good knight answered that he had only done his due, and that all knights were bound to aid each other. Then their strength being refreshed, Guy took up his arms, and the prince recovered his own stolen sword, and they went on their way together with the palmer. As for Atin and Archimago, they had fled when they saw how the combat would end.

When the knights had travelled many miles and the sun was gone down, they perceived in the distance a fair castle in a pleasant dale, and there they thought they would pass the night. So they hastened their steeds and came up to it, but when they arrived they found all the gates fast barred and locked, though the evening had scarce begun. They were surprised at this inhospitality, and Prince Arthur's squire blew his horn long and loudly. Then a watchman looked out from the highest tower, and bade them fly, "for," said he, "though we would give you entrance, we cannot. We are beset by a thousand enemies raving about us, holding this place in a long siege of seven years, and they have slain many good knights, who sought to save us."

Whilst he spoke, a great noise was heard, and all the rocks and caves of the dale were seen swarming with villains, ragged, rude, and deformed. Some

carried clubs, some long spears, others rusty knives and staves warmed in fire. They had stiff upstanding hair, hollow staring eyes, and a wild and ghastly look. They assailed the knights, and forced them to recoil; but when the champions gathered their strength and broke on them, they retreated and fled. But ere long they returned again with greater fury, led on by their captain. But the knights rode at them fiercely, hewing and slashing with their bright swords, when, lo! they found that their bodies were not substance, but shadows which could not be finally slain. At last they dispersed them, and craved entrance at the castle gate.

Then came forth the lady of the place, with a goodly train of squires and maidens, and bade them enter with much courtesy. Alma was her name, and she was arrayed in a lily-white robe, the train of which was embroidered with gold and pearls, and borne by two damsels. After the knights had rested awhile, they prayed her to show them the castle, which favour she granted. They ascended to the outside wall, and perceived that the building was formed of neither brick nor stone, but of a substance like Egyptian slime, not enduring. The castle had two gates, through one of which, when it was locked, no one could pass, and when it was opened, no man could close it. The porch was of hewn stone, fairly carved, and with a vine and ivy twining over it, and a strong portcullis hung above. Within the barbican a porter sat, keeping watch day and night, and near him was a larum bell which was rung each morn and even. Round about the porch were thirty-two warders, tall yeomen, brightly armed in glistening steel, who bowed lowly as Alma passed, as likewise did the porter. They passed into a stately hall, where were many tables spread, and at the upper end sat a grave and sober personage in red attire, holding a white wand, the steward of the household. A sturdy yeoman walked up and down the chamber, and marshalled the guests to their places. From thence they went to the great kitchen of the

castle, an enormous vault, with a roaring furnace in the midst, upon which was placed a huge cauldron. Many cooks were going to and fro with hooks and ladles, attending to the viands: some removed the dishes from the fire, others stirred and mixed, and the clerk of the kitchen ordered where all should be disposed.

After the knights had seen these things, Alma led them to a goodly chamber, hung with rich arras, on which were portrayed things easy to be understood. Here were a bevy of fair ladies amusing themselves with a company of knights: some sang together, some played with straws, others sat at ease. When Alma appeared, all rose from their seats and did her homage. The knights then went forward to speak to the ladies. The prince came to one who was fair but somewhat sad, arrayed in a long purple pall, fretted with gold, and holding in her hand a poplar branch; she was named Praise-desire. Guy entertained another, attired in blue, with a bird upon her wrist.

After they had solaced themselves awhile with games and discourse, they went on with Alma, who took them to a stately turret, to which they ascended by ten steps of alabaster. This turret was high above the ground, and was greater than the proud Tower of Troy, or that built by Cadmus in Thebes. It had an arched roof, decked with flowers, and two beacons were set in it, which flamed and gave light continually. They were made of living fire, and set in golden sockets, covered with curious lids which could open and shut readily. In this tower were many rooms, but three chief ones, in which dwelt three honourable men, who counselled fair Alma with sage advice. The first could foretell things to come, the second could advise about the present, and the third kept the memory of what was past. The chamber of the first was in the fore part of the tower, and was painted all within with infinite shapes. There were drawn infernal hags, centaurs, fiends, hippodames, apes, lions, eagles, owls, fools, lovers, children, and many more. The room was filled

with flies which made a buzzing noise like many swarms of bees ; these were opinions, visions, prophecies, and conjectures. In the midst of the room sat Phantastes, for so was he called, a man of dark complexion and crabbed hue, with beetling brows and sharp staring eyes. Then Alma and the knights passed into the second room, painted with pictures of judges, courts, kingdoms—in short, all things of art, science, and philosophy were pictured or written therein. Here sat a grave man of ripe age, who continually meditated upon such matters. The third room was ruinous and old, and lay in the back part of the tower, but the walls were still strong, though bent. Here they found an aged man, half blind, decrepit in body, but vigorous in mind. He was of infinite remembrance, and recorded all that had passed through many ages, setting it down in his immortal record ; yea, he could well recollect the wars of King Ninus and the infancy of Methuselah. His chamber was hung with ancient rolls and records, some in books, others in long parchments, worm-eaten and cankered. Amidst these he sat, tossing and turning them about, and near him was a little boy to reach him what he wanted, and to seek for what was amiss ; Anamnestes was his name, and Eumnastes that of his aged master.

Here the knights stayed and read awhile. Sir Guy found an ancient register named “ Briton Moniments,” and Prince Arthur another book called “ Antiquities of Faerieland.” After this they went with the lady to supper in the great hall, and spent the evening in fair discourse.

The next morning before sunrise, Sir Guy arose to pursue his journey, and with him went the palmer clad in black. They went down to a river not far distant, where Alma had caused a ferryman to be in readiness with a well-rigged boat. They went on board, and he launched at once, so they sped away and were soon out of sight.

And there must we leave them awhile, that we may recount what befel

Prince Arthur that day. For as soon as Guy was gone, the band of villains began to assail the castle anew, and lay strong siege to it on every side. They came in great numbers, and their foul, ugly visages frightened all whom they approached. Their captain divided them into twelve troops, and ordered each to attack a part of the fortress. Seven troops were placed against the gate, in strong entrenchments, with orders to batter incessantly upon it day and night. The other five went before the five great bulwarks of the castle, against which they planted their artillery. The first troop was a monstrous rabble of misshapen creatures ; some had heads like owls, with beaks, others like dogs, others like griffins; some had wings and claws, and all had lynx's eyes. The second company were likewise deformed in shape ; some had heads like harts and others like snakes. The third band were yet more hideous and fiend-like ; they resembled hounds, apes, and frogs, with the bodies of men, and were arrayed in bright plumes. Of the fourth detachment, some had ostriches' mouths, some were toad-like, others had the bodies of wild boars. The fifth squadron were most horrible of all ; they were like snails, spiders, and thick short hedgehogs. All carried bows and arrows, and were urged to fight by their wicked captain, who showed them the spoil they would gain if they ransacked the castle.

On the other side, the besieged inmates mightily maintained their ground, and wrought many brave achievements, though hard beset. But the Lady Alma was much dismayed with the great peril they were in, till the prince, seeing her troubled plight, offered his service and his life in defence of the castle, and said he would go forth to fight the captain, who was the chief author of the assault. In a short time he was clad in his glittering armour, ordered the gates to be unbarred, and issued forth, followed by his gay squire.

No sooner did the rabble perceive him than they raised a dreadful yell, and at once let fly a thick shower of arrows against him, but he received the

hail-storm of darts on his shield, and galloped into the midst of the crowd, brandishing his bright sword, whilst his fiery steed, Spumador, trod the caitiffs down. Then, at their cry of horror, their captain came forward, riding on a fierce tiger, which ran like the wind. The captain was named Maleger. He was large and broad-shouldered; his long feet, as he rode, nearly touched the ground; but his body was made of a thin, airy substance, cold and snakelike to the touch, so that he seemed more like a ghost than a man. He was clothed in a thin canvas garment, and had many arrows in his belt at his right side. A bow was in his hand, and on his head a helmet made of a dead man's skull. After him followed fast two wicked hags, with grim visages and hoary locks flying loose in the wind; one carried a staff and was somewhat lame, the other a burning brand.

Maleger, spurring on his tiger, aimed an arrow at the prince, but it fell harmless on Arthur's shield. Then another and another he let fly, whereupon Arthur couched his spear and rode fiercely at him. Maleger turned his tiger and sped away, and the knight followed him as fast as his courser could gallop; but in vain, for the tiger flew like the wind, and Maleger, turning round, shot arrows as he rode. When the prince was far off he slackened the animal's pace, and let the knight approach, but as soon as he was near Maleger started off again. One of the hags gathered up the darts he shot, and gave them to him again. Prince Arthur, seeing that the villain had thus always a fresh store, leapt off his steed, that he might tie the hands of the hag. Immediately the other one ran to him, and whilst he was bending down to bind her sister, overthrew him backwards; then Maleger came up and all three grappled with him. But the squire, perceiving his master's danger, flew to his aid, and dragged aside the two hags, threatening them with his sword. Then the prince with all his strength sprang up, and dealt Maleger a blow which overthrew him; but the villain started up again, and snatching a huge

stone, threw it at Arthur, who leapt aside, and in return dealt a heavy blow at Maleger with his sword. Strange to relate, though the weapon pierced his foe no blood appeared, and he did not fall a corpse to the ground, but continued to fight, though a large wound was seen. Then the prince was horrified, and thought his opponent must be a fiend that could not die, and yet seemed mortal, so he threw away his good sword Mordure, and his bright shield, and assailed Maleger by snatching him up in his arms. But to his surprise, every time he threw him on the earth, the miscreant gained fresh strength, and sprang up with restored vigour. Then he remembered how he had heard that Maleger was an arch-son of earth, and that his waning life was renewed by it. So he caught him up again, and ran with him, about three furlongs distance, straight to a lake and threw him therein, and there saw him drowned. At this the two hags, with many howlings, came up, and one cast herself into the pond, the other seized a dart of Maleger's and therewith stabbed herself.

Arthur then returned to the squire, who stood holding Spumador, the gallant steed, and began to faint through loss of blood. But the faithful squire helped him to mount, and holding him up, led the horse by the roadway to the castle, where many grooms and squires were ready to take the prince tenderly from his steed. Then they conveyed him upstairs, laid him on a sumptuous couch, and carefully ministered to his needs. And Alma brought great stores of wine, balms, and costly spiceries, to cure his hurts. And there will we leave him, whilst we return to Guy.

Guy, the palmer, and the boatman sailed for two days on the open sea, without beholding land or living being. On the third morning they heard a hideous roaring in the distance, and the raging waves rose up nearly to the skies.

Then said the boatman, "Palmer, steer aright, and keep an even course, for we must pass yonder way. That is the Gulf of Greedynesse, which

engorges every worldly thing, and having swallowed up all, sendeth it forth again, making the waters fly back. Opposite the gulf is a hideous rock of magnet stone, drawing all passengers near it; and on its top is a craggy cliff, hanging over ready to fall upon the vessel. So if we escape the gulf, it is likely we shall be rent on the rock."

But on they went, and he rowed with all his strength till they neared the gulf, which grew more and more violent. Then they strove to drive the frail boat on, and escape the huge abyss which roared beside them. As they looked into it, they saw the waters sucked in, and things tossed in the boiling waves; and if they turned away their eyes, they beheld the lofty rock, with battered fragments of ships sticking on the clefts, and carcasses of lost men. The Rock of Foul Reproach it was called, and no fish came near it, but yelling mews and sea-gulls hovered round, and cormorants sat waiting to devour the wretches lost thereon. At last, with many pains they struggled past, and came into easier waters, where the light bubble danced along. Soon they spied islands floating on every side.

Then said Guy, "I descry land, old sire. I pray thee direct thy course thither."

"That may not be," said the ferryman. "These isles are not firm land, but straggling plots, floating to and fro in the wide waters; therefore they are called 'The Wandering Isles.'"

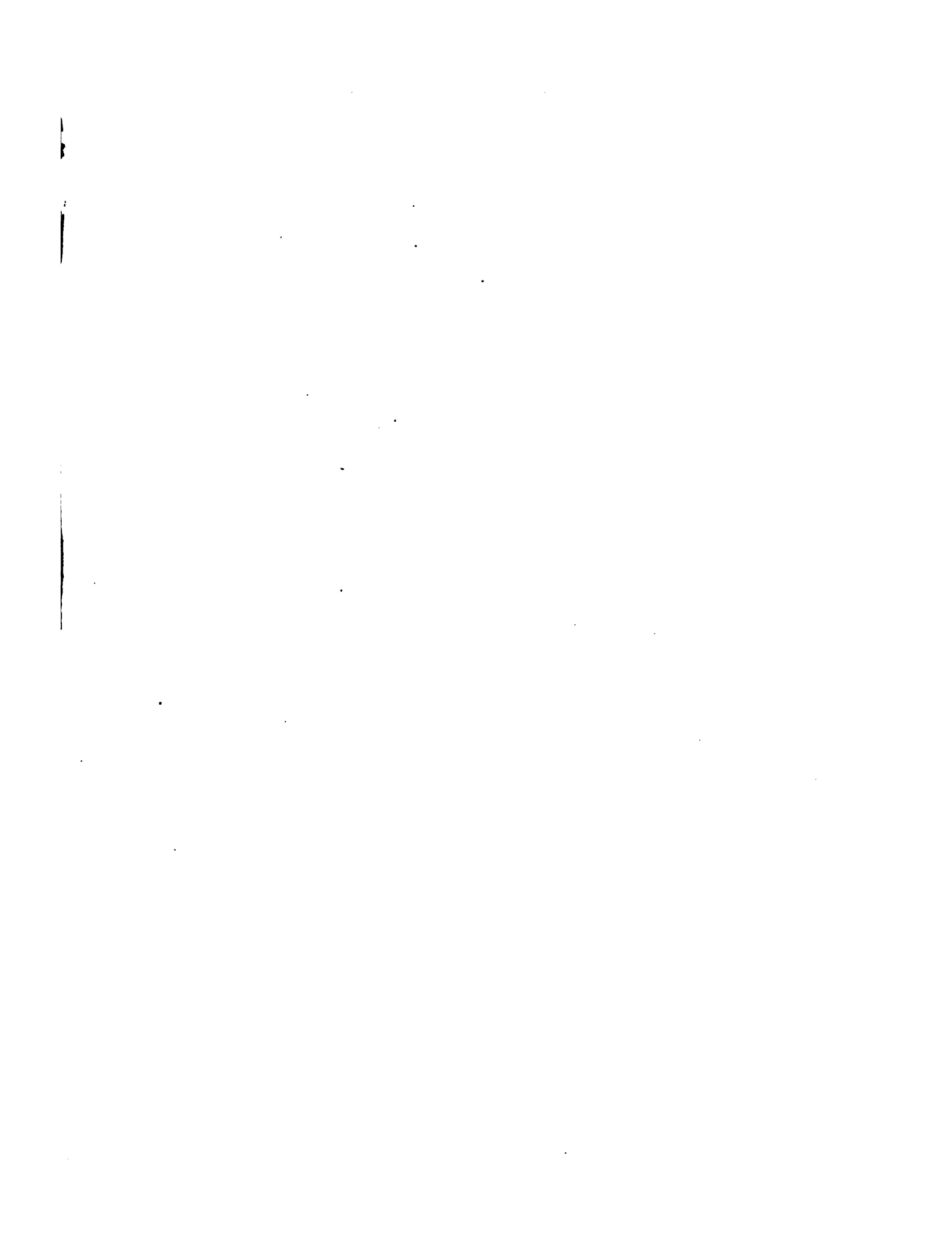
They seemed fair and fruitful, and tempted the wearied travellers, for the grass was green, and the trees covered with white and red blossoms. But he who set foot on them was doomed to wander for ever. So they passed on; and as they rowed near one of these very islets, they saw a damsel sitting on the bank dressing her hair, and a little boat in the waters near her. She, seeing them, called often, and begged them to draw near the shore, and laughed loudly. But when they would not turn, she left her locks undighted,

ran to the boat, launched it, and sped after them with all her might. When she came up with them, she tried to come on board, and said many things in sport, with smiles and laughter. But the palmer rebuked her forwardness ; whereupon she began to scoff, turned aside her boat, and rowed away.

“Now,” said the wary boatman, “must we take good heed, for here be another perilous passage. It is haunted by many mermaids, making false melodies, and there is a great quicksand and whirlpool. Therefore, good palmer, steer evenly.”

Scarcely had he spoken when they saw the quaking Quicksand of Unthriftyhed close by ; and therein was sinking a goodly ship, laden with much precious merchandise, with the mariners toiling to save her, but in vain. Opposite was the Whirlpool of Decay, in which many had been sunk of whom no memory remained. There the waters whirled round, swayed like a restless wheel. The strong boatman strained his utmost force, and they laboured at the oars till the peril was past. But ere long the surging waters rose like mountains, and yet there was not one puff of wind. Soon appeared a hideous host of huge sea-monsters, of ugly shape and horrible aspect. There were spring-headed hydras, mighty whales, scaly scolopendras glittering brightly, and the huge monoceros of immeasurable length. Then appeared the dreadful death-fish, the grisly wasserman, who pursues flying ships, the horrible sea-satyr, always seen in perilous storms, the great ziffius, and the greedy rosmarines, with deformed visages. These, and thousands of other monsters, came on with a hollow, rumbling roar, rolling in the foamy waves towards the frail boat.

Then the palmer arose, and said, “Fear nought ; these are sent by the wicked witch, to stay us from our journey.” He lifted his staff on high, and smote the sea, which became calmer, and the monsters hid themselves beneath the waters.



TALE II



"THIS IS THE PORT OF REST FROM TROUBLOUS TOYLE"

Next they passed an island wherein they saw a maiden sitting by the shore, weeping with great sorrow and sad agony, who loudly called to them for succour. Guy, pitying her distress, bade the palmer steer thither, that he might help her.

But he said, "Fair sir, be not displeased if ye are disobeyed ; this is only her guileful bait to ruin you."

The knight was ruled, and the boatman held on his way.

Then they approached the place where the mermaids dwelt. It was a still, calm bay, sheltered on one side with the broad shadow of a hoary hill. Opposite was a high rock, and betwixt both lay this pleasant port. Here were the five sisters, who sang their sweet melodies as Guy passed, and chanted this song together :—

"O thou fair sonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes most magnifide
Above all knights that ever battle tried,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile ;
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride.
This is the Port of Rest from troublous toyle—
The world's sweet Inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

And as they sang, the rolling sea, softly sounding, answered them, and beat a measure against the rock, whilst the breezes whistled in harmony. Guy was charmed, and bade the boatman row slower, that he might the better hear. But the palmer dissuaded the knight, and they passed on.

By this time they began to spy land, when suddenly there arose a dull, vaporous fog, which enveloped everything in utter darkness. They were much dismayed, and knew not how to direct their way, fearing concealed dangers. All at once a great flight of harmful fowls came about them, fluttering, and smiting them with their wings in the darkness. It was a troop of hateful birds of ill omen and death—the ill-faced owl, the hoarse

night-raven, the bat ; the strick, which waits on the bier ; the whistler, that whoso heareth dies, and the shrill harpies. Still they rowed on, and at last made their way through the mist, and saw land.

Then said the palmer, "Lo, there is the soil where all our perils grow. Sir knight, arm yourself."

Guy obeyed, and erelong the boat's keel struck the ground.

Then forth stepped Guy and the palmer on their enterprise, and the boatman stayed with his vessel. They marched on, firm and stedfast. Soon they heard a loud bellowing of many roaring beasts, and soon came in sight of them. The animals rushed forward, gaping greedily, and fiercely rearing up their crests to devour the strangers. But the palmer held up his staff, which could defeat all charms, whereat their courage was quelled, and they stood tremblingly by.

After a while the knight and his guide reached the far-famed Bower of Bliss, which contained all that this world hath sweet and pleasant to the senses. It was surrounded by a slight wall, more for pleasure than for service. The gate was of precious ivory, and on it was carved the histories of Jason and Medea—her charms, his conquest of the golden fleec, his false faith, and the wondrous ship Argo. All this, and much more, was depicted on the gate. In the porch sat a comely personage, tall and pleasing, in a loose robe ; he was decked with flowers, and held a staff in his hand. By his side was a mighty mazer bowl of wine, of which he gave to passing guests. But Guy defied him, overthrew his bowl, and broke his staff.

When they entered they found themselves in a spacious plain of fair grassy ground, covered with sweetest groves and beds of flowers, trees, and plants in tender blossom. There were no rude winds, or storms, or frost, but always mild air and gentle odours. Much was Guy tempted to delight himself there, but he kept on his way till he came to another entrance, a porch

with a vine clambering over it, where, amid the tender green leaves, hung rich bunches of luscious grapes, freely to be gathered—some like rubies, some not yet well ripened, like green emerald. Under the archway sat a fair dame, holding in her left hand a cup of gold, and with her right she squeezed the sap from the grapes, and offered the cup, made more sweet by her fair fingers, to strangers passing by. So did she to Guy; but he threw it on the ground, where it was broken in pieces, so that she was forced to let him pass.

Then he went through shady dales, and by fair groves and brightly running streams, till he came to a noble fountain, shaded with laurel-trees, paved with jasper, and adorned with fair statues of Cupids and Graces. A rich trail of ivy, formed of purest gold, was overspread, and dipped its branches here and there in the clear waters, which sparkled in the sunshine. By this small lake sported two damsels, beautiful and gay. But the palmer would not suffer Guy to talk with them, but led him on to surprise the enchantress Acrasia.

Soon they heard a most melodious harmony of birds, voices, instruments, winds, and waters, all mingled in one sweet concert. Soft trembling notes were heard, and the murmur of the waters, with the gentle warbling of the wind. There in the shade, in the spot from whence this music proceeded, was the enchantress and many other squires and ladies. She was arrayed in a garment of thin silk and silver, more fine than a spider's web, and rested on a bank strewn with roses. She was of great beauty, golden haired, and with eyes like the starry light that sparkles on the silent waves. Near was a young knight, with his idle arms hung on a tree, and his good shield, full of old quarterings, with its devices erased. He seemed to be one of honourable place and of amiable looks: more pity that he was trapped in so great enchantment.

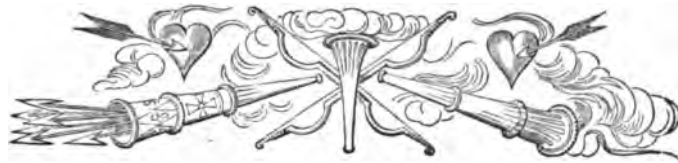
Guy and the palmer drew near softly and warily, then suddenly rushed on them, and threw over the enchantress a large net which the skilful palmer had erst prepared. In vain she strove to free herself from it, so strongly had it been made. Then they bound her with bands of adamant, for nothing else might keep her. But to the youth, whose name was Verdant, Guy gave sage counsel, and soon untied his bonds. They broke down the bowers, and burned the palace and the banqueting house, and then they led the enchantress and the young knight away with them by the way which they had come.

Soon the crowd of wild beasts came into the path, awaking and raging with fury, seeking to rescue their mistress ; but the palmer pacified them with his staff. Guy asked what they were, and the palmer told him they were lately men who had been decoyed to the bower by the enchantress, and changed by her into these shapes. Guy prayed the palmer to restore them, which he did straightway, by touching each with his staff ; whereupon their figures fell from them, and they became men again. Some stared, some looked ashamed, and others were wrathful. One specially, named Grill, who had been in the form of a pig, repined greatly, and scolded Guy for recalling him from that state.

Said the knight, "See the mind of man ; how soon he has forgotten his former excellence, and now chooseth to be an animal."

Then answered the palmer, "Let Grill be Grill, and have his mind, but let us depart whilst wind and weather serve."

So they embarked, and the enchantress being taken captive, and the great enterprise finished, they returned with joy to the fairy Court.



TALE III.

HISTORY OF CAMBEL AND TRIAMOND; OR, THE RING OF CANACEE.



HERE was once a knight named Cambel, or Cambello, who had a fair sister, hight Canacee. She was the most learned of ladies; she knew every science and every secret work of nature. She was versed in witty riddles and wise soothsaying. She was skilful in knowledge of the power of herbs, and the meanings of the tunes and cries of birds and beasts. Moreover, she was modest in all her deeds and words, and loved by many knights and lords, yet she showed liking to none of them. But the more she refused them, the more she was sought, and great strife often arose among her followers.

Now, when Cambel perceived all these quarrels, he bethought himself how to prevent the perils that ensued, and one day, when all the troop of warlike woors were assembled, he decreed that three of the strongest should be chosen, and should combat with him for her sake, and the victor should have his sister. This was a bold challenge, but he was a man of great courage; moreover, he had much confidence in a ring which Canacee had given him. It

had a magic power to stanch every wound that bled mortally. Its great virtue was well known to all; so the challenge somewhat dismayed the youthful lovers, and they debated whether they should hazard life for the lady. For they were uncertain if, after they had braved so much peril for her sake, she would be favourable or show liking to the victor. However, there were three among the crowd, all brothers, who undertook to fight Cambel; and the day was appointed, and pledges given that it should be kept.

Now, these three brothers had a strange history, which was this:

*Strange spell
of the three
brothers.* Their mother was a fairy, skilled in many secret arts, and married to a mortal knight. She, seeing her three sons grown

up to manhood, and resembling their father in love of arms and knighthood and desire of adventure, doubted for their safety. For she thought that by their search for perils, and their provokance of dangers, they would soon abridge their days. So, being desirous to lengthen their lives, and to know how long they had to live, she went one day, by many hidden ways, to the house of the Three Fatal Sisters. It was far underground, down in the bottom of a deep abyss, where Demogorgon is pent in darkness. There she found them all sitting round about, the direful distaff standing in the middle, whilst they with unwearied fingers drew out the threads of life. Sad Clotho held the rock, grisly Lachesis spun the thread with pain, and cruel Atropos soon cut the twist with her cursed shears. She saluted them, and sat by them watching them spin, and after awhile she tremblingly told her errand.

“Bold fay,” said the fierce Atropos, “that darest to come and see the secret of human life, thou art worthy to be accurst of Jove, and thy children’s threads to be broken asunder.”

At this she was sore afraid, yet besought them that she might see

her children's threads, and know the measure of their lives. This Clotho granted; and she was much amazed when she perceived they were as thin as spider's threads, and so short that it seemed as if their ends would come out immediately. Then she began to pray the sisters to draw them out longer, and to twine them better.

But Lachesis answered, "Foolish one, that thinkest divine things can be altered like human, and changed at pleasure for these imps of thine! Not so; what the Fates have once decreed, not all the gods can change, nor Jove himself."

"Then," said the fairy, "since no man's life can be lessened or enlarged, at least grant this: When ye cut the thread of the eldest which I see is the shortest, let his life pass into the second, and when his life shall be ended, let both their lives be annexed to the third: so shall his be trebled."

They agreed, and she went home with a contented mind; but when she came back, she did not tell her children of their destinies, or how their lives were increased, but she warned them to look to their safety, and love each other dearly.

Their names were Priamond, Diamond, and Triamond, and the differences between them are best expressed in the following
verse:—

*Description
of the three
brothers.*

"Stout * Priamond, but not so strong to strike;
Strong Diamond, but not so stout a knight:
But Triamond was strong and stout alike:
On horseback used Triamond to fight,
And Priamond on foot had more delight,
But horse and foot knew Diamond to wield;
With curtaxe used Diamond to smite,
And Triamond to handle spear and shield,
But spear and curtaxe both used Priamond in field."

* Stout means bold and stubborn in battle.

At last the great day came, and the champions were in the field by sunrise. The ground was enclosed by lists, or barriers, to keep off the crowd. On one side sat six judges to view the deeds of arms; on the other side, on a raised dais and under a canopy, the fair Canacee, to see the fortune of the fray. Cambel came first into the field, with stately steps and a fearless countenance. Soon afterwards appeared the three brethren, with gilt escutcheons and broad banners displayed; they marched thrice round the field, bowing as they passed the noble maid, while the shrill trumpets and loud clarions sounded. Then there was a pause for a moment, and immediately afterwards the doughty challenger *The journey.* rode out, and Sir Priamond set his spear and rode against him. They met with dreadful force, and their blows flew thick and fast; they were careless of peril, and yet, though each seemed every moment in danger of death, they avoided many strokes. At last one thrust of Priamond's went through Cambel's shoulder, and forced him to lower his shield; so he in return drove at his adversary with such might that he pierced through his mailed armour, and then again with double force, till the staff of his spear broke, and the head was left in the wound. Then shaking the end of the shivered spear, Cambel cried, "Lo, faitour, take *Priamond is* thy deserts; I have spared thee thus long for thy sister's *killed.* sake." Then he again struck him on the helmet, broke the truncheon in half, and pierced his gorget with another blow. The blood rushed forth, and the body fell to the ground. Meanwhile, the life fled not to Pluto's land, nor vanished into air, nor was changed to a star, but passed into Diamond's frame.

When Diamond beheld his brother on the ground, he felt himself stirred to vengeance and fury, and endued with new strength. He rushed ~~both fiercely,~~ the trumpets blew a shrilling blast, and they closed in deadly

combat. Neither plate nor mail could stand the huge blows of their axes, but were rived like rotten wood, and flashed sparks of fire. At last Diamond, provoked with the wavering of fortune, wished for any ending, so he heaved his axe with a mighty sway. But, alas for him! Cambel leapt aside, and he, missing his mark, slipped his right foot, and tottered. Then Cambel rushed forward and smote off his head; the body stood still an instant, and then fell. The lookers-on were much amazed to see the body stand up holding a weapon; they knew not that the life *Diamond is killed.* was passing into the youngest brother, Triamond, who there-upon flew forth. It was great wonder that Cambel could fight singly against so many foes, but he was sustained by the virtue of the stone in the magic ring.

However, Triamond feared him not, but boldly set himself to the fight, and assailed him furiously. Their swords clashed together, as they dealt showers of blows, now advancing, now retreating, with varying fortune, while the purple blood streamed from their sides, till Triamond grew weak and faint. But Cambel always felt the stronger, through the ring, which evermore gave him new vigour. At length he dealt Triamond a tremendous blow, which pierced his hauberk, and he fell *Triamond's first life is killed.* down dead in the sight of all. Yet was he not dead, for only one soul fled out of his body to its native home. So whilst they thought all was over, lo! he started up, like one out of a dream, and freshly assailed his foe, who, struck with amazement, stood holding his idle sword, till he was forced to betake himself to the combat; yet this time he fought more warily, and rather seemed to defend himself than to attack. Triamond, perceiving this, thought victory was at hand, so he heavily struck him on the helmet; but at the same moment Cambel pierced him with his sword, so that both fell to the ground at once. Then

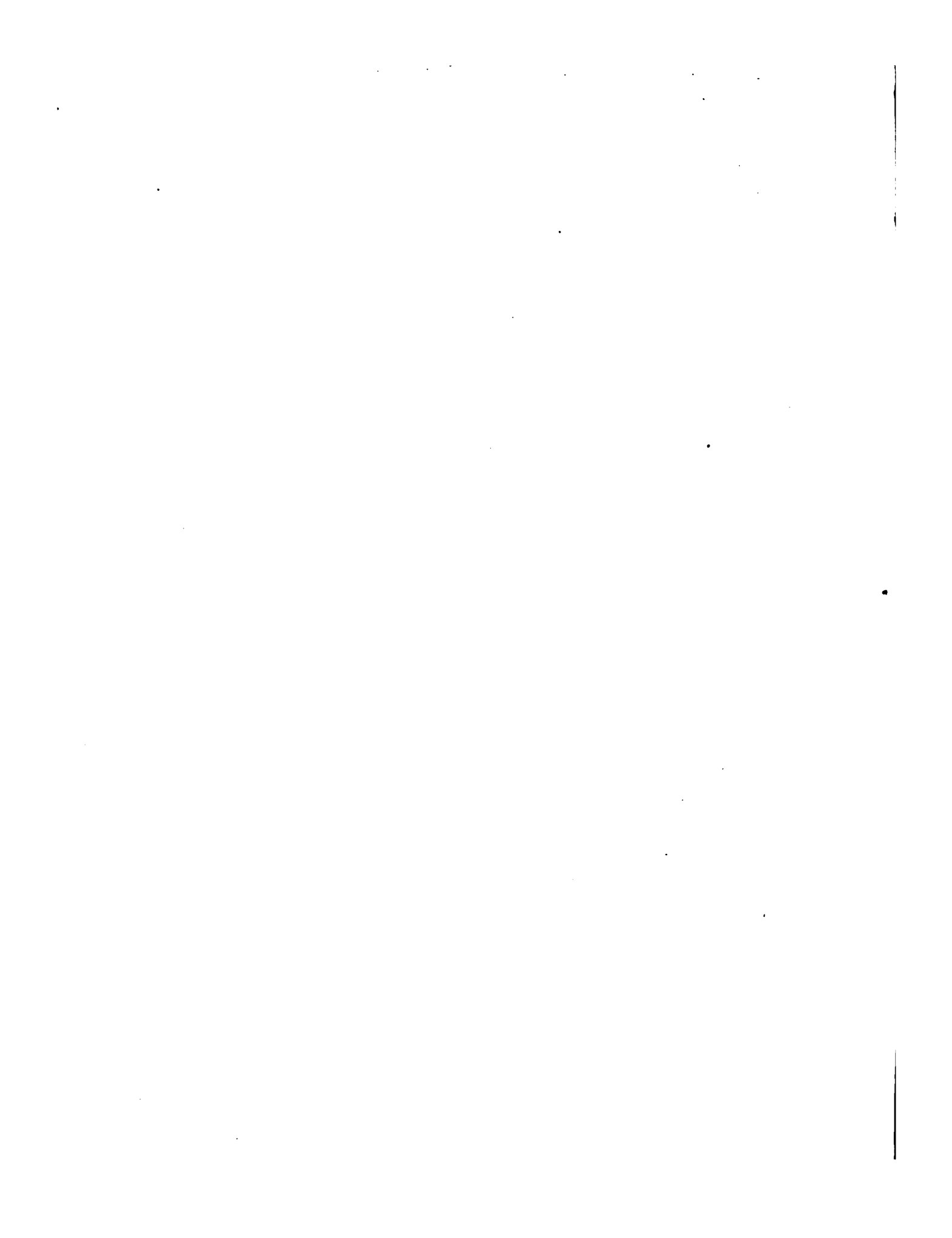
all deemed the battle at an end ; the judges rose, and the marshals of the field began to break down the lists, to take the arms away from the knights, whilst Canacee was bewailing her brother. Suddenly both sprang up, Cambel out of his swoon, and Triamond having only lost his second life, and the combat began again. This time they fought madly and rashly, careless of life and careless who won, so that the encounter might be finished, for both were weary of fighting.

Whilst it hung doubtful, and all were gazing to see the fatal end, all at once a troublous noise was heard, as if some perilous tumult was at hand, mixed with the cries of women and the shouts of boys. The champions stood still a space, to see what this meant. Then came whirling along a strange chariot, which swept onward like a storm. It was wondrously decked with gold and many gorgeous ornaments, after the antique guise of Persian monarchs. It was drawn by two grim lions, and a lady sat within, bright and fair, and who seemed of angelic race. She was Cambina, the daughter of the fairy, and was skilled in magic from her mother's teaching. Having learnt by her arts that her dear brother Triamond was in danger, she came to succour him, and to pacify the strife. As she rode on, the crowd fled like sheep in a narrow fold, over-running each other. Some shrieked for fright ; some, being hurt, howled ; some laughed for sport, and others shouted for wonder. In her right hand she carried a rod of peace entwined with two serpents, which were both crowned with one olive garland. In her left was a cup, filled with nepenthe to the brim. Nepenthe is a drink which assuages all grief and anguish, and calms all rage, instilling peace and quiet into the heart. Few are allowed by the gods to drink of it, but such as may, find eternal happiness. Some famous men and some of the ancient heroes have

TALE. III.



'A LADY BRIGHT AND FAIR, AND OF ANGELIC RACE.'



tasted it, and all former cares have been washed away from their memories. It is much more precious than the water of Ardenne which Rinaldo drank, for that turned men's hearts from love to hate, but this brings comfort to heavy souls.

When Cambina arrived at the lists, she gently smote them with her rod, and they straightway flew open. Then she descended from her coach, and bidding all hail, she went to her brother and to Cambel, whose sad plight made her turn pale, thus betraying her affection. They spoke to her but little, for they hastened to renew the fight, but she with many prayers besought them to cease; but when nothing could prevail on them to do so, she smote them with the rod, and forthwith their weapons dropped from their hands. Then she handed to them the cup, of which as soon as they had tasted, they felt a wondrous change, and from bitter foes became true friends, plighting hands as a token of their troth, and embracing each other.

*Cambina's
wondrous
cup.*

When those who stood by saw these mortal enemies thus changed, they shouted for joy, and the fair Canacee hastily descended from her chair to discover what sudden tidings had been heard. When she saw the cruel battle so ended, she greeted the lovely Cambina with joy, and proffered her true affection and friendship. Thus were all accorded, the trumpets sounded, and they departed with glee. The champions chose to march homeward together, to repose themselves; and Cambina took Canacee by her side, and with her rode home in the chariot, admired and glorified by all the people. They spent many days in joyous feasts, and Triamond married Canacee, and Cambel, Cambina. So all alike did love, and were beloved, and since their days such lovers have not been found elsewhere.



TALE IV.

HISTORY OF BRITOMART; OR, THE MAGIC MIRROR AND THE ENCHANTER BUSYRANE.



JN ancient times there was a king of South Wales, named King Ryence. The great magician Merlin made a most wondrous mirror, which he gave to this monarch. *The magic mirror.* It was round-shaped and hollow, like a globe of glass. It showed, if one looked into it, everything that pertained to the looker—whatever foes had done or friends had feigned—and nothing was secret from it, but all was plainly discovered therein. It was a famous present for a prince, for by it could be known what enemies were at hand, and what were their plots, before tidings came.

King Ryence had one child, a daughter, named Britomart, fair and lovely in her person, and brave in mind. From her he kept nothing, as *Britomart* she was his only child and heiress. One day she went into *looks in it.* his private chamber, and there she espied the wondrous mirror. She looked awhile at it, and then, remembering the virtues she had heard told of it, she began to think what should befall her, and whom fortune should allot for her husband. Immediately there was presented to her

sight a knight completely armed, with vizor raised, showing a manly countenance. His form was comely, and adorned with heroic grace and honourable bearing. His crest was covered with the figure of a couching hound; his armour seemed of antique mould, but massive, and fretted with gold. On his shield he bore a crowned ermine, on an azure field. The maiden looked at the vision earnestly, that she might know him again, and then went her way.

Some time afterwards, Britomart began to wish to seek through divers countries for this knight, and behold him in reality; for since she had looked into the magic mirror, she had always been haunted by the recollection of the image. She confided her desire to undertake this adventure one night to her aged nurse Glaucé, with whom she slept. The faithful guardian tried to dissuade the princess, but all her efforts were of no avail. At last she remembered an ancient charm, which they set about to perform. They went to the garden, and there gathered rue, savine, camphor, calamint, and dill, which they put into an earthen pot, and filled it to the brim with coltwood, throwing drops of milk and blood through it. Then the nurse, taking *She and her* nine hairs from her head, braided them trebly into a threefold *nurse perform* lace, which she fastened round the mouth of the pot. After *a charm.* having whispered certain sad words with a hollow voice, she said three times to the princess, "Come, daughter, come; come, spit upon my face. Spit thrice on me, thrice upon me spit; th' uneven number for this business is most fit." Next she turned the maiden from herself, and three times turned her from the sun, and three times the contrary way, undoing immediately what she had just performed, and so she hoped to undo her charge's wish. But it was not to be shaken by the spell, or by any charms and medicines, but evermore the lady longed to begin the search, and prove the vision.

At length Glaucé bethought herself that she would consult the enchanter Merlin, as he had made the magic mirror. So she and the princess disguised themselves in mean attire, and went to his dwelling at Cayr-Merdin. It is a hideous hollow cave, under a rock near the river Barry; there he lived concealed, and held council with his sprites. On arriving at the cave, they

They visit stayed awhile without, and durst not rashly enter in. At last
Merlin. Britomart took courage, and found the wizard busy about his wondrous work, and writing strange characters on the ground. He was not astonished at their bold entrance, for he knew of their coming beforehand, by his arts. However, he bid them tell their business, and laughing at their dissembling and disguise, said, "Glaucé, thou needest not thus cloke thine errand; and thou, Britomart, art no more hidden than the sun behind a cloud."

At this the princess was much abashed; but the nurse said boldly, "Since thou knowest our wishes, aid us in this inquiry."

Merlin then told them that the knight whom Britomart had seen in the mirror was named Arthegall; that he was in Fairyland, yet was not a fairy knight, nor even kin to any of them; but sprung of terrestrial seed, and stolen away by false fairies out of his cradle, and was ignorant of his own parentage. His father was Gorlois, brother of Cador, King of Cornwall, renowned for his warlike deeds. "Thou," said the magician,
Merlin's
prophecy. "shall bring him back to his native soil, to aid his country against the power of foreign Paynims. Great proof shall ye both give of valour, and shall reign together, until at last he shall be taken from thee, cut off too soon by secret foes; but thy son shall equal the deeds of his father." Thereafter, he told her all the descendants which should spring from this royal line, and by his wondrous art set forth their acts and their several fortunes. To all which they listened with much amazement and marvelled greatly at the enchanter's skill.

Thus well instructed, they returned home with lighter hearts, and began to devise a plan whereby they might set forth in search of Arthegall, and of martial adventures.

It chanced, by good fortune, that a band of Britons on a foray had seized, a few days since, a great spoil of Saxon goods. Amongst this was a suit of goodly armour, fretted with gold and rich array, that had belonged to Angela, the Saxon queen. This, with all the other ornaments, King Ryence had caused to be hung in the church, for an endless monument of his victory. So old Glaucé, learning this, took Britomart thither, late in the evening, and there apparelled her in the mail. They also took a mighty spear of ebony, and a shield which hung there, both of which had been made by the magician Bladud of yore, and were of great virtue. For, however firmly any person sat in his saddle, no one could stand the force of the spear's thrust, but were borne to the ground. When the princess was arrayed, the nurse took down another suit, which she put on herself, and accompanied the maiden as her squire. They climbed on their steeds, and rode off by back ways, in the middle of the night, nor did they rest till they came to Fairyland.

Soon after they arrived there, Britomart heard some tidings of Arthegall from the Red Cross knight, whom she fell in with during her wanderings. As they rode together they spied a stately castle far away, near a forest, and to it they directed their course. Before the gate they perceived a green lawn, on which six knights were fighting against one, besetting him on every side; but he, although nearly breathless and much wounded, still held out stoutly, and dealt his blows on every side. Britomart, seeing the stranger in such jeopardy, rode fast on to his rescue, and bade the six forbear. Seeing they listened not, she drove through the thickest of the press, and driving them apart, compelled them to stay

*The princess
disguises
herself and
departs.*

*The six
knights.*

alike. Then she inquired into the cause of the battle. They answered that it was the custom of the place, that if any knight came by who had no lady or no love, that he should remain there and do service to the lady of the castle. But if he had a lady, he must forego her with scorn, or else do battle with the six, to declare her fairer than the mistress of the castle. So was this knight doing, and so must Britomart.

“Perdy,” said she, “the choice is hard, but what reward have those that overcome?”

“They are held,” said they, “in high honour, and have our lady’s favour and regard.”

“But,” said Britomart, “I will not deny my own love, nor yet do service to your lady, but I shall avenge this knight.”

So saying, she smote down one of the six with her powerful spear before he was well aware, then she rode to the next, and stayed not till three of them were on the ground. The fourth was overcome by the other knight, and the remaining two yielded themselves up. Thus conquered, they plighted their faith as liegemen to her, and laid their swords under her feet.

Castle Joyous. After which, they all led her into the building, which was named Castle Joyous. Here Britomart and the Red Cross knight were entertained very courteously by a number of fair ladies and gentle knights, and led through many sumptuous chambers. Their pillars were of gold, embossed with pearls and precious stones, and the walls hung with costly cloths of arras, in which were portrayed the loves of Venus and Adonis. The whole place resounded with the strains of sweet music and of warbling birds.

They found the lady of the castle seated on a golden couch, like to those of the Persian queens. She was attired in a scarlet mantle brodered with ermine and gold, and was of stately presence and great beauty. She caused

them to be led to their bowers, and cheered with wines and spices. Supper was shortly after ready, and they all sat down to a rich and rare feast, where they were served with sumptuous fare and overflowing cups. And after the banquet, each gentle squire chose his lady, with whom he meant to make sport and courtly play, and some fell to dancing and some to games of chance.

The banquet.

By this time those eternal lamps of heaven, the stars, were half spent, and it was fit for all to go to rest; so long waxen torches were lighted, and they were guided to their bowers. But Britomart and the Red Cross knight liked not the luxury and slothful ease of the castle, so before the dawn of day they rose, took their arms, and departed their different ways.

The next adventure which befell the princess was more dangerous and difficult. Some months after, as she journeyed on her way, she espied a young man fleeing from a huge giant, named Ollyphant. Britomart quickly pricked forth to the rescue; but he, on seeing her coming on so fast, fled and outran her, for he was swift as a roe. He shrouded himself in a forest, and though she entered the wood and searched long and carefully, she could not find him. At last she came to a fountain, by which she saw a knight lying, with his habergeon, his helmet, and spear near him; a little way off was thrown his shield, on which was depicted the winged boy—by which device she knew him to be Sir Scudamour. He seemed as if slumbering in the shade, so the maiden would not disturb him, but stood a little aside. Then she heard him grievously bewail the sad fate of his love Amoret, seized by the enchanter Busyrane, seven months ago, and shut up in his hateful den. Yet was he powerless to rescue her, since she was held by strong enchantments and black magic skill, and neither might of sword, nor learned skill, nor wealth of riches could deliver her. Much

The giant

Ollyphant.

Sir

*Scudamour's
distress.*

did the maiden pity his distress, and fear lest his weary soul should flit from its cage, so great was his anguish. Thereupon she showed herself, and he started somewhat, for he had thought no living creature was near him. Then she began to comfort him with courteous words, saying—

“Ah, gentle knight, your deep grief seems to exceed all powers of patience; yet submit to high Providence, and consider that all the sorrow in the world is less than virtue’s might and valour’s confidence.

‘For who will bide the burden of distress
Must not think here to live, for life is wretchednesse.’

Nothing, sir knight, doth move pity so much, as a gentle lady’s helpless misery; but if you will hear me, I will to the last extremity deliver her from thence, or, with her, die for you.”

“Ah, gentlest knight alive,” said Scudamour, “what heroic magnanimity dwells in thy heart! What couldst thou more if she were thine, and thou wert such as now am I? But spare thy happy days, and apply them to better profit. More is more loss; one is enough to die.”

“Life is not lost,” said she, “with which is bought endless renown.”

Thus she at length persuaded him to rise and go with her to see what new success might befall them. She gathered up his arms, and got him

*They arrive
at the
enchanter’s
castle.*

his strayed steed. So they went forth together, and after proceeding about the distance of a bow-shot, they arrived at the enchanter’s castle, and plotted their purpose. Then dismounting, they drew their weapons and came to the castle gate, where they found no bars to obstruct their way, nor any warder keeping guard. But in the

*The porch
flame.*

porch there was a flaming fire, mixed with smouldering smoke and stinking sulphur, that choked the entrance and forced them to draw back. At this, Britomart was somewhat dismayed; but resolving to brave all peril, she held her shield before her face, and assailed the

flame with her sword, which gave way, dividing itself into equal spaces, and she passed through like a thunderbolt riving the clouds. Scudamour, seeing this, rushed forward also; but the magic flame would not obey him, but augmented its rage and forced him to retire, scorched and burnt.

Meanwhile the championess, finding herself unhurt within the castle, entered into the endmost room. Passing the first door, she found herself amongst all manner of precious stones, for the walls were clothed with majestic arras, woven with gold and silk so close and near, that the rich metal lurked privately in the texture, like a shining snake in the green grass. In these tapestries were fashioned many fair portraits, with all the adventures of the gods, and a border trailed round all of broken bows and shivered arrows, with a river of blood running through, so lively and so like that it deceived the senses. At the upper end of the room was an altar built of precious stones of great value. On this stood an image of massive gold, with wings of many bright colours, like a peacock's tail. It was blindfold, and held a bow and arrows, some headed with lead, some with gold. A wounded dragon lay under the image, whose left foot was planted on its hideous tail, and it was shot through with a shaft in either eye. Underneath the image was written the inscription, "Unto the victor of the gods this be." Britomart was much amazed at the sight of this image, and dazzled by its brightness, but after she had looked at it a while, she cast about to discover more, and perceived that over the door was written, "Be bold." She understood not the meaning of this inscription, but not being discouraged, she went on to the next room.

The second chamber was much fairer than the first. Its walls were all overlaid with pure gold, wrought with fantastic figures, who seemed as if they were living and playing their follies in the rich metal. About the glittering walls were hung warlike spoils of mighty

conquerors and strong captains, who were whilom captives to cruel love. Their swords and spears were broken, and hauberks rent, and their proud garlands of triumphal bays trodden in the dust. Over this door was inscribed, "Be bold;" and everywhere the same was written, except over an iron door at the upper end of the room. On this was—"Be not too bold."

In this chamber Britomart waited until eventide, yet no living creature *The midnight* appeared. And now the shadows of night began to fall and *watch.* wrap the world in darkness. But she dared not take off her armour for fear of secret danger, nor fall asleep. So she stood aside in security, and drew her weapons about her.

At midnight, when all was wrapped in silence and sleep, she heard a shrill trumpet sound. But her courage was not daunted by this; she stood awaiting an enemy. In a few moments a hideous storm of wind rose, mixed with thunder and lighting, and an earthquake that seemed as if it would shake the earth to its centre. A horrid stench of sulphur and smoke filled the chamber from the fourth hour of night until the sixth. Then rose a stormy whirlwind through the house, which banged

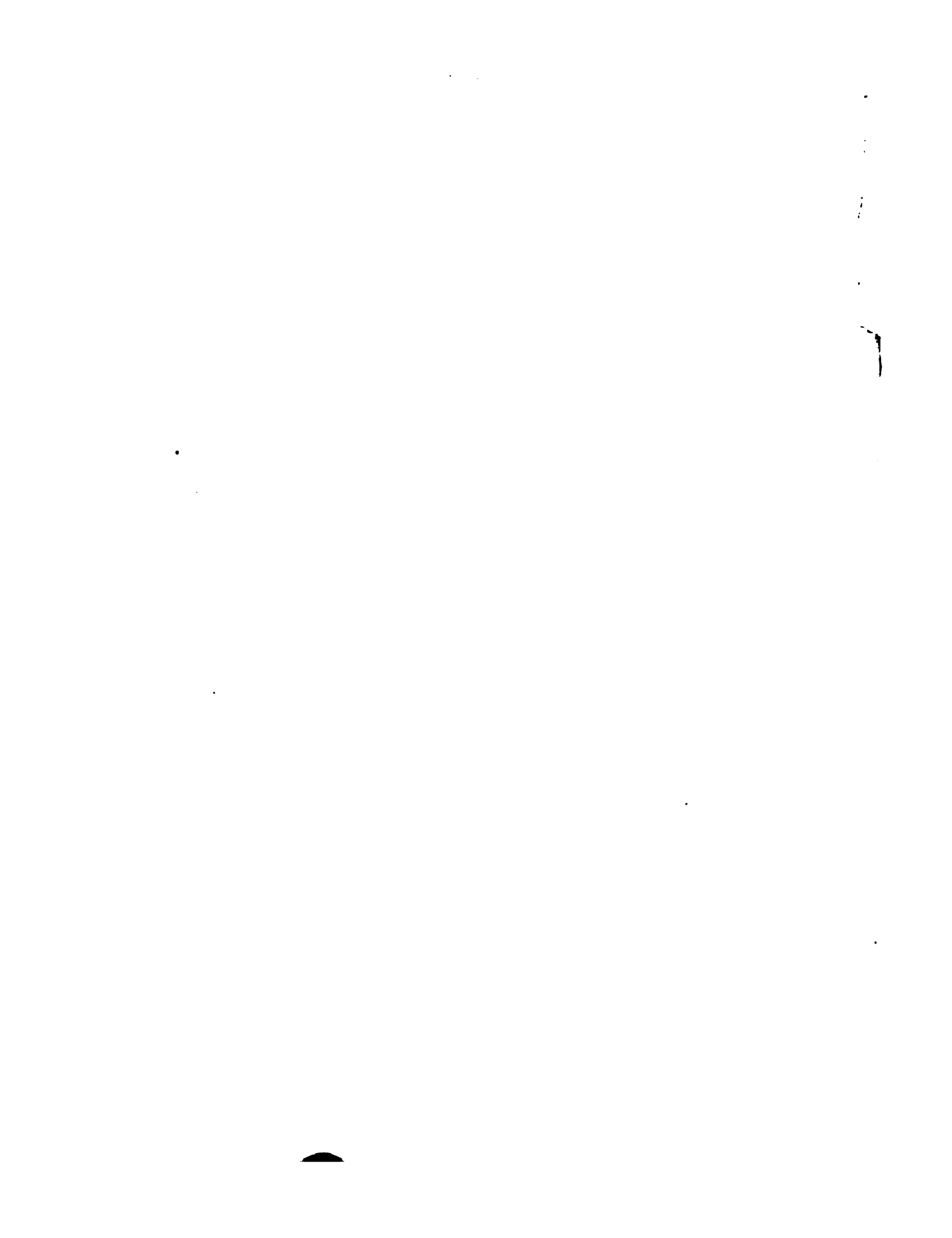
The iron every door, and the iron door flew open, as if it had been
door torn with mighty levers, and a majestic personage came forth,
flies open. clad in rich garments, and with a branch of laurel in his hand.

He proceeded to the middle of the chamber, and having made some signs with his hand, slowly retired again. His name, Ease, was embroidered on his robe in letters of gold. Then appeared a number of minstrels, bards, and rhymers, singing together, and then a company, in the manner of a masque, ranged in order. All the while sounded a delicious harmony of sweet melodious sounds, filling the senses with delight; then, at intervals, the resounding notes of martial trumpets, and when they ceased, the soft melody began again.

TALE IV



THE MASQUE.



Meanwhile, the masquers marched forth. First came Fancy—a lovely boy, attired, not in silk or satin, but in painted plumes, and carrying in his hand a fan. Next followed Doubt, clad in a strange, many-coloured coat with Albanese sleeves, and a broad hood on his back. He always looked askew with mistrustful eyes, and trod as if thorns were in his path, leaning on a broken reed. With him was Danger, clothed in a ragged bearskin. In one hand he had a net, in the other a rusty blade, with which to kill or entrap. Beside him was Fear, armed from top to toe, yet thinking himself not safe, and afraid of his own shadow. When he heard his own arms clanging, or saw them glittering, he fled, quaking with fear and pale as ashes, and always held a brazen shield against Danger, regarding him with terror. Hope followed—a handsome maiden, arrayed in silken samite, her fair locks bound up with gold. In her hand she carried a cup of dew, with which she sprinkled favours on many, but showed true love to few. After these marched Dissemblance and Suspicion—ill-matched mates. She was gentle and mild-looking, courteous and gracious, finely adorned, and beautiful to look upon; but her beauty was false, and her brows decked with borrowed hair, and in her hand she always twined two skeins of silk. He was foul and grim, looking askance under his eyebrows, and when Dissemblance laughed to him, he bent a lowering glance on her. His rolling eyes were never still, but ever looked uneasily around, and peeped furtively through a screen which he carried before his face. The next two were Grief and Fury; Grief, clad in sable, and walking slowly, hanging down his dull head. Fury was apparelled in rags, and marched with ghastly looks, tearing her hair and carrying in her right hand a firebrand, which she tossed about her head. After these were Displeasure and Pleasure, he looking heavy and sad, she cheerful and joyous. Each carried a vial—in that of Displeasure

buzzed an angry wasp; in that of Pleasure, a honey-laden bee. Last of
The captive all in this procession came the unfortunate Amoret herself,
Amoret. dragged along by two villains, Despight and Cruelty, and
 stabbed in the breast by an accursed knife, which now remained in the
 wound. She was still lovely, but scarce able to stand, and her trembling
 steps were supported by her cruel captors. After her followed the winged
 god, riding on a lion, shaking the darts which he held in his right hand,
 and flapping his coloured wings. Behind him were Reproach, Shame,
 Repentance—all three unlike, yet made in one mould; and after them a
 rout of persons flocked, whose names are hard to tell—Strife, Anger, Care,
 Unthrift, Sorrow, Disloyalty, Change, Infirmity, Poverty, Death, with Infamy
 and as many more—

As there be phantasies
 In wavering women's wit, that none can tell,
 Or pains in love, or punishments in hell.

All these marched three times round the chamber, and then returned
 through the iron door. No sooner had the last one entered than the
The iron door door straightway was violently shut by the blast. Then
shuts. Britomart, who had stood concealed by a pillar, stepped
 out and tried to enter by the door, but found it locked fast, and vainly
 endeavoured to open it, for it was closed by charms. So finding force
 was of no use, she resolved to use art, and determined not to leave
 the room till the masque appeared anew.

She passed the day in examining the ornaments of the chamber, till
 it became dark again. Then, when the second watch was almost spent,
The second the door flew open, and Britomart instantly boldly entered.
night's watch. As soon as she had passed inside she looked round to see
 the persons of the masque, but all had vanished. She only saw the lady

Amoret, bound to a brazen pillar with an iron band round her slender waist; before her the vile enchanter Busyrane, figuring strange characters on the ground and writing them with drops of blood which fell from her heart. When he saw the virgin knight he *The enchanter.* hastily overthrew his wicked books, and drawing a knife from his robe, ran fiercely to the lady, and would have killed her rather than yield his prey; but Britomart lightly leapt forward, seized his arm, and overmastered him. But he, wresting the weapon from her, made a thrust at Amoret with it, and wounded her, though but slightly. Britomart, enraged at his cruelty, drew her sword, and smote him so mightily that he fell half dead to the ground. The next stroke would have slain him, had not Amoret called to the championess to stay her wrath; for should he be killed at once her condition would be without remedy, for none but he could undo the charm. Britomart reluctantly paused, for she longed to take vengeance upon him, and said—

“Villain, nothing shall save thee from death unless thou shalt restore this dame to her former health and state. This do, and live, or else die.”

The enchanter, who expected every instant to be slain, yielded to this, and rising, began to turn over the pages of his books. Many sad verses and many dreadful things he read from these charmed leaves, which made the virgin's hair to stand on end. And whilst he was reading she held her sword over him ready to slay him, if he did not undo *The charms are undone.* his charms. As he went on, she perceived the palace begin to quake, and the doors to rattle, yet she stood undismayed. At last the mighty chain with which Amoret was bound began to fall down, and the brazen pillar to crumble into pieces. The steel blade in her heart fell softly out of its own accord, and the wound closed up as if it had never been. Then, when she felt herself perfect and whole, she knelt before

Britomart and poured forth her thanks for such great deliverance. But Britomart, raising her from the ground, said—

“Gentle lady, I have found enough reward for many more labours than I have done, in seeing you safe and out of peril. Henceforth, fair lady, take comfort, and put away remembrance of late distress; and know that your loving knight has endured no less grief for your dear sake.”

The lady was much cheered to hear of him whom she loved best. *The enchanter is bound.* And standing by Britomart, she saw her take that heavy chain and bind the enchanter strongly with it, and lead him away to be imprisoned afterwards in a dreary dungeon. They passed through the lofty chambers again, but found all their rich and royal array vanished and entirely gone. Then, descending to the porch, they discovered the perilous flames quenched, and the passage easy.

The enchanter followed them, unwilling and grieved to see all his work thus destroyed. But when they arrived at the spot where Britomart *Scudamour is gone.* had left Scudamour and her attendant Glaucé, neither of them were to be found; and fair Amoret, whose gentle heart had begun to rejoice in the thoughts of seeing her own dear knight, was filled with new sorrow.

However, Britomart resolved to travel on, and endeavour to find them, so they set forth on their way. Amoret, who thought her deliverer was a powerful knight, was timid and frightened, and trembled when she spoke to her; and the princess, for several days, allowed her to think that she was indeed a champion, and did her due service, as became a knight.

But one day they came to a certain castle where many knights and dames were staying, and where it was a rule that every knight who

had no lady must either win one or else remain outside. Among the rest there was a young knight who, being asked where his lady was, declared that Amoret should belong to him, and challenged Britomart to defend her. The princess, enraged at his boastfulness, went forth immediately, and soon overthrew him in the tilt yard, making him repent his rashness; but, being courteous in mind, she wished not to see him shut out, so she cast about to find how the rule might be kept, and yet he be admitted. So first she presented Amoret as her own lady, fairly won against all comers, to which all agreed. Then she unlaced her glittering helmet, whereupon her yellow locks fell all around her like a golden veil, and her fair countenance was plainly shown. The knights and ladies were filled with amazement at this strange surprise, and could not refuse her second demand, that the stranger knight should be admitted on her account. For this grace he yielded her ten thousand thanks, and the lovely Amoret, freed from fear, now showed her frank affection; and all that night they talked of their loves, and the hard adventures which had befallen each. For Amoret had been won by Scudamour in fight, against twenty champions; but, on the very wedding day, at the bridal feast, the vile enchanter, Busyrane, had come disguised, and brought a mask for the ladies to wear by way of sport, and then he contrived to convey her away unknown to all the rest. Seven months had he kept her in his enchanted palace, until she was delivered by Britomart.

*Amoret and
Britomart
arrive at a
castle.*

*Britomart
discovers
herself.*

The next day, they left the castle at sunrise and continued their journey. They travelled for a long time but could hear no tidings of either Scudamour or Glaucé, nor had Britomart ever met Arthegall, whom she saw in the mirror of Merlin. At last they went to a great tournament which was held by the knight Satyrane, and which is described

in the History of Florimell. Scudamour was not there, but in the tilting of the last day Britomart encountered Arthegall, and overthrew him. But she knew not that it was him, as he wore his vizor down, and his armour was quaintly disguised with moss and oak leaves. When the tourney was over they still continued their travels.

One day, when they were passing through a forest, being oppressed by the heat, they lay down in the shade to sleep. When Britomart awoke

And loses Amoret. she found Amoret gone, she knew not whither. She called her, far or near, but all in vain ; so, after a long search, she was forced to continue her way alone.

In the mean time Scudamour and Glaucé had waited outside of the enchanter's castle for a long time, but thinking that Britomart had perished

Scudamour thinks he is betrayed. in the flames they went away very sadly. One day they met a company of knights who had seen Britomart and Amoret on their way to the tournament. These told Scudamour that

they had seen his Amoret with the knight of the ebony spear, that they were journeying together, and that he took her to every castle by the way as his lady. Scudamour, at this, was filled with rage and fury at being so betrayed, and turned his wrath upon the guiltless Glaucé. He had almost slain her outright.

"False squire," said he, "of falsest knight, why do I not wreak my vengeance on thee first, when thy lord hath done me this despite? Discourteous and disloyal wretch, who has broken his pledge, let shame and infamy ever colour his name!"

The aged dame was half dead with fear, seeing him so enraged, and endeavoured to stay his fury with sober words, and to clear Britomart. Yet she did not tell him that her master was in reality a princess, for Britomart had charged her not to let her name be known, and moreover,

he would not have believed it, so warlike and valiant seemed the knight of the ebony spear.

One night, as they journeyed, a heavy storm came on, of driving blasts of sleet and hail, which forced them to seek for some shelter, *The house of Care.* as they could not see the way, nor ride against the fury of the tempest. Not far off, they saw a little cottage, under a hill-side. A brook of muddy and stagnant water lay near it, on the banks of which grew a few crooked willows. Whilst approaching, they heard the sound of many iron hammers, as if it were the abode of a blacksmith, and on entering, they found the good man busy at his work. He was a wretched elf, with hollow eyes and bony cheeks, a black and grisly face besmeared with smoke, a shaggy beard and hair, which he never combed or shaved. His garments were all in rags, his hands blistered among the cinders, and his fingers hideous with long unpared nails, fit for rending his food. His name was Care; he worked day and night at a blacksmith's trade, making iron wedges to small purpose, which are the unquiet thoughts that invade careful minds. He had six servants standing about the anvil with huge hammers, with which they never ceased heaping great strokes; the men all strong by degrees, the last far exceeding the first, and so with their hammers. The last one seemed like a monstrous giant, and beat the anvil so dreadfully that it seemed as if he would drive it to dust. Sir Scudamour much admired their work and heavy labour, and after having looked a long time, inquired the cause and end of it, but all in vain; for they would not cease the noise for a moment, nor stop the bellows, which roared like the north wind.

When he saw this, he said no more, but lay down to rest in his armour upon the floor (the best bedding for venturous knights), and the old dame also reposed her feeble limbs, tired with long travel. Scudamour lay a long time, expecting sleep to close his eyes, often changing sides, and moving

to new corners where he might repose better, but to no good. Wherever he moved he could get no rest, and every change was in vain. When he began to drowse, the noise of the hammers and the roaring of the bellows disturbed him, and dogs outside barked and howled, the cock crew, and the owl shrieked. And if ever he chanced to drop into a nap, one of the villains rapped his helmet with the handle of his hammer, so that he started up again. At last his weariness overcame him, and he sunk into an uneasy slumber, filled with unquiet dreams, which the master smith perceiving, took a pair of red-hot iron tongs out of the burning cinders, and nipped his side. He instantly started up, feeling the pain in his heart, but on looking round saw no one near him. As soon as the daylight began to appear, and the grass was sprinkled with pearly dew, he and the squire mounted their lofty steeds, and rode away, ill-refreshed.

The next day, he came upon Arthegall, sitting under a forest side, with
Arthegall lies his steed grazing near, and after some conversation asked him
in wait for for what he was in wait there?
the Princess. "For a stranger knight," said he, "with an ebony spear, who overthrew me lately in Satyrane's tournament. I am waiting here to take vengeance on him."

When Scudamour heard him, he was filled with rage, and said, "By my head, this is not the first unknighly part he has done. He has taken my love from me, when she was left in his keeping. He shall soon atone dearly for it, and if this hand can aid you in vengeance, it shall not fail."

So both agreed to wreak their wrath on Britomart. In a short time they saw her coming, riding leisurely along.

Then said Scudamour, "Sir Savage Knight" (this was the name Arthegall went by because of his disguise), "let me first requite my wrong, and if I chance to fail, you shall uphold my right."

To this the other agreed, so Scudamour set his spear in rest and galloped fiercely forth. When Britomart saw his intention, not knowing who he was, she ran at him with such force that she smote both horse and man to the ground. Arthegall lightly sprang *The combat.* into his saddle and rode against her, full of wrath, but in a moment found himself overthrown. He started up, and drawing his sword leapt towards her, and although she was mounted, assailed her with such furious strokes, that she was forced to give him ground. So as they coursed here and there, he chanced to give her a mighty blow behind her crest, which glanced down, wounding her steed, and forced her to alight. She threw from her the enchanted lance, and betook herself to her sword and shield. So sturdily she fought, while he was breathless with his long encounter on foot, that she forced him to retreat, and rived his mail with her keen blade. At length, when her onset had somewhat abated, he began to recover his strength, so he assailed her with fresh might, and at last, with one heavy blow, split her helmet in twain. The stroke flew aside, and did not harm her, but the helmet fell off and discovered her countenance and yellow locks. The knight, surprised at the vision, dropped his sword and looked on his adversary with astonishment, then, falling on one knee, did homage to her as a goddess. But she, sternly standing over him, bade him rise or die, threatening to strike him again.

Meanwhile Scudamour drew near, and gazed upon her as some celestial vision. And Glaucé, seeing all discovered, came forth, and saluted her mistress with great joy, glad to find her again in safety, and prayed her to grant a truce to the two knights. *The princess is discovered.* To this she consented, whereupon they lifted up their visors, and showed themselves. No sooner did Britomart behold the majestic countenance of Arthegall, than she recognised it as the face she had seen in the magic

glass, whereupon she lowered her weapon, and though she feigned anger, could not bring herself to strike.

Scudamour, rejoiced to find his suspicions of her treachery false, turned to Arthegall and said, "Certes, Sir Arthegall, I joy to see you now a lady's thrall, who used to despise all dames."

As soon as the princess heard the name of Arthegall, she was confirmed in her conjectures, and trembled with mixed joy and fear. The knight was no less charmed with his fair victress, but dared not to admire; so full of princely gravity and modesty was her behaviour. Then began Scudamour, with great concern, to inquire where was his Amoret; and when he heard the sad tale of her loss, his heart was struck with deadly fear, and his face became pale and deathlike. Senseless he stood, as if stunned by a mortal wound, till Britomart said—

"Great cause of sorrow, certes, sir, ye have. But take comfort, for I vow not to leave you dead or living till I find her and wreak vengeance on him that took her."

He was a little comforted by this; so peace being between them all, they took their steeds, and went to a resting-place, guided by Arthegall. Here they reposed themselves for a long time in bower and hall, until their wounds were healed and limbs recured. In all which time Arthegall made way to the love of Britomart, and with meek service and suit laid siege to her gentle heart. So well he wooed, that at last she listened to his speeches,

Arthegall and consented to be betrothed to him; which being done,
and he was very loth to leave her before marriage, but he was
Britomart bound to finish an adventure he had undertaken. So he
are prayed leave from her to depart for three months; and she,
betrothed. though somewhat unwilling, granted this.

Early the next morning he went away, and she accompanied him part

of the distance. Many excuses she found to delay the time, for she feared for his sake the perils he was about to encounter; but at last, when all her inventions were spent, she was forced to bid him farewell for a time. So with a heavy heart she came back to Scudamour, and went with him to seek fair Amoret. They returned to the desert forest, and sought her everywhere, but found no trace, nor heard any tidings.

*He leaves her
for
three months.*

Now, what had befallen her was this. Whilst Britomart was sleeping, on that day in the wood, as we have said, Amoret had wandered to a little distance, not being wearied, when suddenly she heard some one rushing out of a thicket behind her. But before she could turn round to look, she was snatched up from the ground, and carried away. She shrieked aloud, but so feebly, that Britomart could not hear her. Her captor was a wild savage man—yet not a man, but only of human shape, but much larger, and higher by a span. He was all overgrown with hair, and had a gaping wide mouth, filled with huge great teeth. His under lip was of enormous size, and hung down like a large pouch, and in it he stowed all the relics of his feasts and of his spoils. His large nose grew over it, and two long broad ears hung down on either side to his waist. He had a wreath of ivy round him, and nothing more, for hair grew over him like a garment; and in one hand he carried a young oak-tree, whose knots were all sharpened, and hardened in the fire. He ran through the forest, carrying the unhappy lady with him, and dragging her through all the briers and bushes without care or pity. At last he came to his cave, where he threw her in, more dead than alive, for she had fainted by the way. When she was thrown rudely down, she came to herself, and wakened out of dread into grief. On looking about she could see nothing, but was in midst of

*Adventure
of
Amoret.*

*The monster
man.*

*The lady
is put into his
den.*

horror and darkness, and knew not whether she was above or under ground. Soon she heard some one beside her sobbing and sighing, as if heart-broken. After she had listened a while, she asked, in a low voice, who was there.

A voice made answer—"Ah, wretched one, why vainly seekest thou to know another's grief, unconscious of thine own hapless plight?"

"Ah me," said Amoret, "where am I—among the living or the dead? What shall become of me? Shall death, or worse, be the end?"

"Unhappy maid," replied the other, "this dismal day has made thee captive to the vilest of wretches. Twenty days have passed since I was thrown into this den, during which time I have seen seven women devoured by him. Now there is only left thou and I, and this old woman, and of us three he will surely eat one."

*The monster
is a
cannibal.*

"Ah," said Amoret, "what dreadful tidings thou tellest me! Of all the calamities I have endured, none have equalled this. But, tell me, who art thou, whom fate has linked to me in this unhappy lot?"

"My father," said the other, "was a lord of high degree. I lived in peace and joy, until it chanced that I loved a gentle swain. He was but a squire, yet, for his noble mind, his courtesy and his bravery, he was fit to be the husband of any lady. But my father, who loved me dearly, would by no means assent to my choice, but often reprov'd me. However, rather than abandon my love, I resolved both sire and friends and all to forego for ever. So we agreed to fly from the kingdom, and to meet on a certain day in a grove, where he should be waiting to carry me away. Alas, when I came at the time to the place, I found not the squire, but was found by this accursed wretch, who seized me and dragged me to this cave, where I, the sad Æmylia, have since remained, his wretched thrall."

Whilst they thus conversed of their misfortunes, and bewailed each other, the monster came back to the cave, rolled away the stone, and

rushed in. When Amoret perceived him, she was overcome with terror, and with cries of affright ran forth in haste; but the faster she ran, the faster he pursued. She flew on, careless of thorns or thickets, over hedges, ditches, hills, and dales, always choosing the thickest way; and so for a long time they went.

*Amoret
runs away.*

At last, when her strength was beginning to fail, to her great joy they passed Timias, Prince Arthur's squire, who was hunting with the nymph Belphœbe in the forest; and he, perceiving the unhappy lady, ran after her, and came up just as the monster had reached her and was bearing her off again, under his arm, with grinning laughter. The squire assailed him instantly with all his might, but the villain defended himself with his craggy club in his right hand; and when Timias shook his javelin he held the lady before him like a shield, and when any little blow fell by mishap on her, he laughed with delight. This device much encumbered the squire, and made him often forbear to strike, for he could scarcely get at the monster without injuring the lady. At last he contrived to stab him with his spear, and a stream of coal-black blood rushed forth, dying all her silken garments. On this, the monster threw her rudely on the ground, and laying both his hands on his club, drove at the squire with such dreadful strokes, that he was forced to leap about, darting here and there, and striking when he had an opportunity.

*Timias fights
the monster.*

Whilst they were busied in battle, Belphœbe heard the noise, and came forth with her bow and arrows ready bent in her hand. When the monster spied her, he would not continue the combat, but fled away. But she pursued him as swift as the wind, and she sped so well, that just as he was fleeing into his den she sent an arrow through his throat, so that he fell on the ground, and before she came up to him he was dead. She stood looking at his monstrous size and enormous limbs, and then passed

*Belphæbe
shoots him.*

into the cave. There, in the furthest corner, couched the unhappy Æmylia and the old hag. Nothing could be seen for the darkness, only a little *And delivers the captives.* whispering and groaning was heard. She bid whoever was there come forth, if unbound, for all fear and danger was gone. Then they appeared, trembling in every limb, and Belphebe led them to where the squire was kneeling by Amoret. The poor lady had fainted, and he was endeavouring to restore her, and softly handling her hurts, and binding them up, for she had been much bruised in her flight, and had also been wounded by him in the battle. When Belphebe saw him thus carefully attending to her, she was filled with jealousy, and was almost about to have slain them both with her arrows; however, she held her hand, and full of disdain and wrath, flew away into the forest. The squire, who had long loved this wayward and capricious nymph, and was shortly to wed her, rose up and followed her into the wood, so Æmylia and Amoret were left alone.

Æmylia attended to her as well as she was able, and they found some shelter in a grove hard by. Here they rested some time, till by good chance *Prince Arthur succours them.* they were found, in a feeble condition, by Prince Arthur. He was much grieved at their sad state, and taking out some drops of the precious liquor which he always carried with him, he gave them to Amoret, which cured her wounds. Then they showed him the corpse of the monster, not far off, and the cave where they had been. He asked them often who was the virgin who had slain the villain, but they could not tell him. So, after some discourse, he set them both on his steed, and he himself walked on foot, leading it. And thus they pursued their journey, though but slowly; for Amoret was still so weak she could scarcely ride, and the prince was unaccustomed to toil on foot with his heavy armour. They found no lodgings by the way, except one night when they came to the cottage of an old hag

named Sclaunder, who received them very unwillingly, and though they left at sunrise, pursued them part of the way, reviling and raging at them; and when they were out of sight, she spent her spite against the senseless rocks and trees.

After a short time they spied a man galloping towards them with a little dwarf on the saddle before him, shrieking for aid; and after them came a mighty man pursuing them, riding on a dromedary. He was exceedingly tall and huge, and from his eyes proceeded two fiery beams of light, shooting forth like lightning. They shot poison into the frames of all who looked on him, like the baleful glance of the basilisk, which kills from afar. No sooner did the rider perceive the prince than he called on him to aid against this cruel foe; whereupon the prince took down the ladies, placed them hard by in a thicket, and, mounting his lofty steed, rode up to the squire. Hardly had he begun to question him when the enemy came up, and, with an iron mace, aimed a dreadful blow at the squire. The prince interposed his shield, yet the stroke came down with such fury that it drove the shield upon the squire's helmet, so that both he and the dwarf fell off the horse upon the ground. The prince then raised his sword and struck the miscreant with such fury that he bent him to the saddle-bow, but when he came to himself he began to swear by Mahound that his enemy should be slain. So raising up his ponderous mace, he smote at him with all his might; but the royal childe with ready foresight avoided the blow, and ere the enemy could strike again, he leapt up to him, and struck so swiftly that, before the giant knew, he found his head falling before him on the earth, while he was yet swearing and raging. Meanwhile his life ran forth in a stream of blood, and the squire was filled with joy to see the villain slain. But the dwarf howled and wept to see the death of his

*The giant of
the flaming
eyes.*

lord, and rent his hair. The prince inquired from the squire who the giant was.

"This mighty man," he answered, "was the son of a huge giantess, and conquered many nations and kingdoms, not by war and hosts of men with waving banners, but by the power of his flaming eyes, with which he killed all that came near him. He has a strong castle, and in it dwells his daughter, the fair Poëana. She is one of the fairest ladies seen by mortal eyes, but she is haughty and cruel, and loves not virtue but vain delights. It chanced that there was a gentle squire who loved a lady of high parentage, and as her father and friends would not allow that they should be united, they appointed a time and place to meet. But when he was on his way, this giant seized him, and threw him into one of the dungeons of his castle. There he lay some time, till it chanced on a day the fair Poëana came to look at her father's thralls in her joyous glee. Among the prisoners she saw this squire, Amyas, and having taken a liking to him, she gave him leave to walk about her gardens, only guarded by the dwarf, who keeps the keys of the prisons. When I heard the sad tidings of his capture I was filled with sorrow, and concealed myself near the castle, until the dwarf spied me one day, and told his mistress that the squire, Amyas, secretly did steal out of his prison; for, as we are much alike, he mistook me for him. So I was taken and brought before her, and she was deceived too by my likeness, and reproached me for seeking to escape when she loved me so dearly. Then she commanded me to return to prison, which I did not gainsay, but suffered the dwarf to drive me in. There I found my only faithful friend in heavy plight and sad distress, and I endeavoured to comfort him, and showed him how he might gain his freedom and escape while I should remain in his place. He was loth to agree to this, but at last I persuaded him

to consent. Next morning, about the usual hour, the dwarf came to the door, and called Amyas, instead of which, I, Placidus came forth, and passed out with him, and was received with joy by Pœana. Shortly after, as I was playing on the margin of a flowery stream with the dwarf, I thought that the best means to get freedom for us both was to convey him with me, so I snatched him up, and leapt on a steed. He began to shriek, and made such a noise that the tyrant himself came out with a yelling bray, and pursued me with fury."

Whilst they talked, the two ladies came out of the shade, and no sooner did Æmylia behold her lover's friend young Placidus, than she ran to him, and said, "Lives yet Amyas?"

"He lives," quoth he, "and loves his Æmylia."

"Then," said she, "I think little of all the woes with which fortune has proved my patience; but, tell me, what mishap befell him?"

Thereupon he recounted to her all the story of his captivity anew, which moved her tender heart to sorrow and tears, and she besought the prince to rescue him, to which he readily agreed.

After considering a little while how he might best undertake this enterprise, he took the headless trunk of the giant, and having firmly joined the head to it again, he strapped it on the dromedary, and made it ride as if the giant were alive. Then he took Placidus, and put him on the dromedary, before the corpse, as if he were a captive, and made the unwilling dwarf guide the beast, while he himself, with Æmylia and Amoret, followed behind. When they came near the castle, the watch, who kept continual ward, thought it was his master returning with prisoners, so he ran down, and speedily unbarred the gate, whereupon they all entered. Then the prince found the fair Pœana sitting in her delicious bower, softly playing on a

*They place
the giant's
corpse on his
steed.*

*The giant's
castle.*

lyre, complaining of the cruelty of Amyas, and singing all her sorrow to the notes. The prince, half enraptured with her beauty and the sweet song, began to dote on her, till remembering the right, he seized her unawares and held her captive. Having led her forth, she perceived her own dear sire, and called on him for aid; but when she gained no answer, and saw him quite senseless and upstayed by the squire, she understood that she was betrayed, and loudly wept and wailed, upbraiding the squire with treason. But all was vain, there were none to rescue her. Next, Prince Arthur took the dwarf, and compelled him to unlock the prison doors, and bring forth the thralls. More than twenty knights and squires were led out, all unknown to the prince, who restored them their liberty. Among them was the squire of low degree, very weak and pale, and unlike himself, through long captivity. As soon as Placidus and Æmylia beheld him, they ran to him with great joy, and embracing him, kissed his wan visage, which tokens of affection Pœana beheld with bitter jealousy and wept with passion. But after a while she began to doubt which was the squire she had loved so much, so perfectly did they resemble each other. The prince and the other knights also marvelled at their exact likeness, for scarce could any one discern them.

Then they began to ransack the castle, and found a great store of hoarded treasure which the giant had gathered through wrong and tyranny. All this the prince seized and divided, and forgot not to give the two ladies part of the spoil. They all stayed awhile in the castle, to refresh themselves and to solace Æmylia and Amoret after their many hardships. And the prince gave Pœana her liberty, and placed her with the rest at the feasts in a sumptuous chair; but she would show no gladsome countenance or any glee, for she was grieved at the loss of her sire, and of his lordship and property, and most of all that she was abandoned by her

new love. Whereupon the prince set himself to amend matters, and with much grace, he entreated her to forego her former evil ways, her cruelty and pride, and to turn to mildness and gentleness. Then he spoke to the squire, Placidus, and counselled him not to despise the love of this fair lady, and offered to bestow on him her lordship and lands, should he accept her as his wife, whilst Amyas should espouse his beloved Æmylia. He yielded to this.

So the two weddings were celebrated with much rejoicing, and from that day forth their strife was ended, and they all lived in peace and joyous bliss; and she whom Nature had created so fair reformed her ways, so that all men spoke of her with praise and honour, and much admired her change.

So when the prince had reconciled these pairs of friends in settled peace and rest, he resolved to depart, and took with him Amoret, to protect her until she should be restored to her Scudamour. But the end of her troubles was nigh at hand. For after they had gone many miles, they came to a troop of knights fighting, four against two. It was Claribell, Blandamour, Paridell, and Druon, who had set upon Britomart and Scudamour, in order to revenge themselves upon the warlike maid, because she overthrew them all when she was at the tournament of Satyrane. When the prince saw this unequal match he was filled with indignation, and, sword in hand, threw himself into the thickest of the press, and laid about him so sharply, that he compelled them to retreat, as he was fresh, and their strength half spent. Then would he have made them pay dearly for their folly had not Britomart and Scudamour prayed him to assuage his wrath. Thereupon he inquired of these same knights the reason of their cruel onset, to which they answered that Britomart had foiled them in open tourney, and had borne away the snowy maid for whom they contended.

*The two
weddings.*

*Britomart
and
Scudamour
are found.*

But she soon disproved this accusation, and showed that she had not taken that lady as they supposed, but had left her to her own liking. "For," said she, "I have lost my own love, and have been seeking her ever since with endless pains."

Then said Scudamour, sighing deeply, "Certes, her loss should afflict me most, whose right she is, wherever she has strayed, won through many perils. From the first time I loved her to this hour I have never known happiness or rest, but in unceasing inquietude I waste my life, and pass my days in anguish, yet I cannot forego my love."

When the prince heard these words he bid them follow him with joy, and behold the end of all their search. So he led them aside to where he had placed Amoret, and there Scudamour beheld his dearest joy, and ran to her with hasty eagerness, embracing her, and holding her lily hand, overjoyed to behold her safe and unharmed. No words they spoke, nor earthly thing they felt, but in transports of joy were overcome with their new-found happiness, so long deferred by cruel fortune. And Britomart, beholding them, was much moved in her gentle spirit, and wished for herself like happiness with her Arthegall, when he should return from his toilsome quest.

So here let us leave them, all troubles and perils past; and the things that befell Arthegall in his adventure shall be told in the history of Talus, or The Iron Man.





TALE V.

THE FAIR FLORIMELL; OR, THE SEA-KING'S PALACE.



AMONG the many kingdoms of Fairyland, there lay upon the sea-shore, a territory called the Rich Strand. Here and there rose craggy cliffs, against which the wild surges ever roared and tossed, as if disdainful of the firm earth which restrained their devouring covetousness. And upon the shore were heaped exceeding riches and all precious things, more than the wealth of the East or the pomp of Persian sultans—gold, amber, ivory, pearls, rings, gold settings, and all else that was curious and costly. The lord of this coast was Marinell, the son of a mortal knight, Dumarin, and of the sea-nymph Cymoënt. His mother kept him in a rocky cave until he was old enough to bear arms, and prayed her father, one of the sea-gods, to endow her son with more riches than a mortal could possess. The god granted her desire, and commanded the waves to throw out of their hollow bosom all the huge treasures which the greedy sea had engulfed. Thus, all precious things that were lost in the sea, or carried thither by streams, or found in the wrecks of richly laden ships, did the obedient waters bring to this shore. And Marinell became a mighty man at arms, and would not suffer any knight to traverse his land unless he did battle with him. He had subdued

a hundred knights of honourable fame, and made them his vassals, so that his renown was blazed all through Fairyland, and none dared pass that way.

Now, his mother seeing that none could match him in deeds of arms, began to fear least his too haughty hardiness might bring some mishap or hazard to his life. So, being troubled by her fears, she consulted the sea-god, Proteus, and bid him find by his spells what should be her dear son's destiny. He made answer—

“ From womankind keep thou him well.
For of a woman he shall have much ill.
A virgin strange and stout shall him dismay or kill.”

After his mother heard this prophecy, she constantly warned him against the love of fair ladies, and none that she could hinder would she suffer him to see. There was a gentle and noble maiden of high degree at the court of Fairyland, named Florimell, who dearly loved Marinell; but he cared nought for her, though she was the fairest in all the kingdom, for his mother had taught him to shun and hate all women. Foolish mother! who thought that he should thus escape his destiny. Vainly had she understood the words of Proteus, for she thought they signified heart-wounding love, which should bring him to death, but she feared nothing from woman's strength.

Yet this was the true meaning of the saying; for on a certain day, Britomart, in her journeyings, came to the Rich Strand, and had not ridden far on its glittering shore before Marinell perceived her, and galloped up, saying sternly, “ Sir knight, who rashly dost travel by this forbidden way, why dost not thou take example by other deaths. Retire whilst thou mayst, lest afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.”

She, filled with disdain, answered, “ They that need to fly may fly: words frighten babes. I do not mean to ask thy leave to pass, but in spite of thee will pass or die.” Then, without waiting his answer, she set her spear and rode on.

But Marinell ran strongly at her, and sturdily struck her on the breast-plate, making her bend her head to her horse's neck. But she again smote his shield with such fury, that her lance pierced quite through it, and through his mailed hauberk into his left side ; and such was the force of the stroke, that it bore him off his saddle, until he fell in a heap on the shore, greatly wounded. Britomart stayed not to lament his fate, but rode on, and as she went, wondered at the rich array of precious stones and pearls, and the gravel mixed with golden ore ; yet would she not stay to gather aught, but despised them all.

While Marinell lay almost dead, tidings of his fall came to his mother, who was playing with her sister nymphs by a pond, gathering sweet daffodils to make into garlands to shade their foreheads from the sun. But when she heard the sad news, she threw flowers and garlands away, and tore her fair locks, and her gamesome mirth turned to grievous sorrow. She did not speak, but fell down as in a faint ; and all her sisters lamented for her, casting away their wreaths. As soon as her deadly fit was over, she bade her chariot be brought, and sadly climbed into it ; the other nymphs also mounted theirs, and the waves gave them gentle passage as they passed, and ceased their roaring rage.

The sea-king, Nereus, himself pitied their sadness, though he wist not what their wailings meant, and calmed the mighty waters ; and all the grisly monsters of the deep stood gaping and wondering at their dens. A team of dolphins drew the smooth chariot of Cymoënt. They were all taught to obey the long reins, and swift as swallows they skimmed the waves. Their broad flaggy fins raised no foam or round bubbles behind them. The rest of the chariots were drawn by other fishes, who divided the swelling sea with their finny oars. When they arrived upon the brim of the Rich Strand, the nymphs abandoned their chariots, and let their teamed fishes softly

swim along the margin of the foaming shore, lest they should bruise their tender fins upon the stony ground. At last they came to the place where they found Marinell in a deadly swoon; and when his mother perceived him, she made piteous lamentations.

“Dear image of myself,” said she, “is this thy great good fortune? Is this the end of thy life? O foolish Proteus, father of false prophecies, how foolish are they also that give credit to thee! This wound is not the work of woman’s hand. Oh, what avails it to me to be immortal? Is it not better to die with speed than to waste by misery? Is it not better to die than to live to mourn the loss of dear friends? At least fate might have granted to me to close the dim eyes of my dear Marinell. Farewell, my sweetest son, since we may no more meet.”

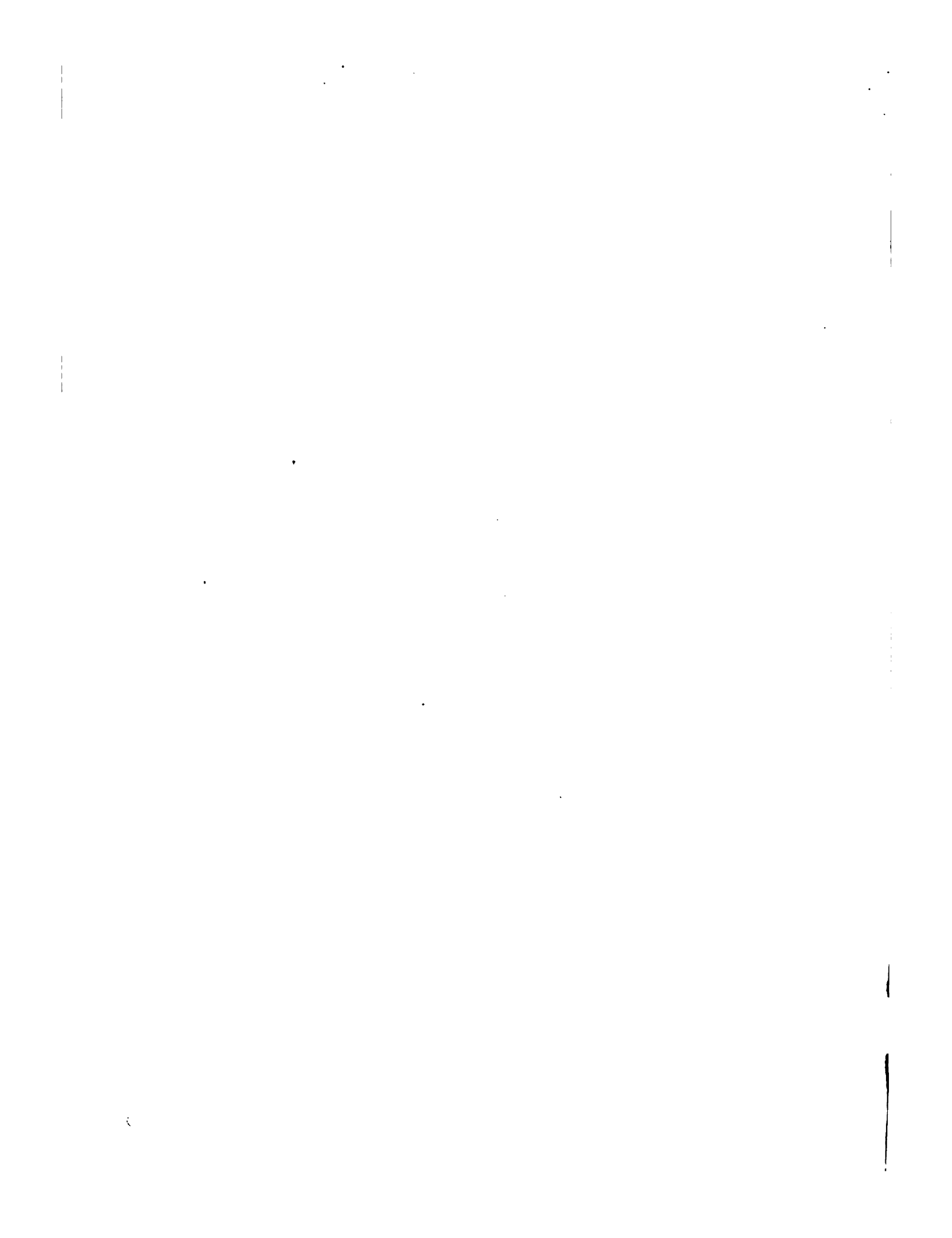
Thus sorrowing, she and the nymphs began to examine his wounds; and one of them, Liagore, feeling his pulse, found that a little life yet rested in him, which she told his mother, whereby her despair lessened and hope revived. Then, taking him up, they carried him into her chariot, which they strewed with flowers. All the rest climbed into their coaches, and swiftly sped to the bower of Cymoënt. It was built deep in the sea, and all vaulted within. They laid him on a soft couch, and sent in haste for Tryphon to apply salves and medicines to his wounds.

Meantime, the news of his overthrow spread abroad, and when Florimell heard of it, she left the court, and vowed never to return till she had found him alive or dead. She had not proceeded far on her way before a cruel forester perceived her, and pursued her; the faster she rode, the faster he came on. So she fled for many miles, till at last, by good fortune, they chanced to pass the brave Prince Arthur and the Red Cross knight. They galloped after the forester to deliver the lady, yet could they not come up to him. Through thick and thin, over mountains and plains they went.

TALE V.



CYMOËNT AND MYRTILIS



At last they came to two ways, and knew not which she had taken ; so each chose one, and the prince's squire went after the forester, who abandoned his chase of the lady when he saw the knights. The prince had the best luck, for he gained sight of the damsel afar off. Then he increased his speed, and often called aloud to her. But she, like a timid dove pursued by a falcon, was too frightened to stay for him, and though, looking back, she saw it was a knight that followed her, and not the rude peasant, yet she feared him no less. He followed her till the evening turned into night, and the air became dim with mist, and cloudy darkness obscured the starlit sky. Then the prince could no longer see which ways she took, but found his pursuit vain ; so he dismounted from his wearied steed, and let him graze, while he threw himself on the ground to sleep, with his shield for a pillow.

The next morning, before sunrise, he set forth again, and on his way he met a dwarf, who seemed greatly terrified. The knight asked him whence he came and whither he went so fast, for he was running through the forest, scratched with briers, and nearly lame.

Panting for breath, the dwarf answered, "Sir, I can hardly stay to tell, I lately left the Fairy Court, where I serve a gentle lady who has quitted the same, and for whom I seek. If ye know the way she has taken, good sir, tell off-hand."

"How," said the knight, "is she arrayed?"

"Royally clad," quoth he, "in cloth of gold, as fit for a noble maiden. Her fair locks are enrolled in a rich circlet, and she rides a palfrey whiter than snow. But the chief sign by which ye may know her is her exceeding fairness. And none may compare with her in virtue and gentleness, the ornaments of beauty."

"I have seen her, I trow," said the knight, "flying from her foe, a

rude, ill-favoured forester. I could not stay her, carried away with wings of speedy fear."

"Ah," said he, "that is great woe to all who shall hear it. Fair sir, for the love of gentle knighthood, if you can succour me, or show me the way, I humbly pray you to do so."

The prince replied, "Dwarf, take comfort ; for till thou hearest tidings of her I vow never to forsake thee."

So with the dwarf he went on his way.

Florimell fled on, long after all cause of fear was gone. Each shade she saw, and every noise she heard increased her terror. All through the night she went on, and her white palfrey, having got the reins out of her wearied hands, carried her wherever he thought best. At last, having spent all his strength, he lay down and could not move a step further. The lady dismounted, and was obliged to pursue her way on foot, though unaccustomed to such journeying.

She came at length to a hill-side, near which lay a valley covered with thick woods. Through the tops of the high trees she descried a little smoke, whose thin and light vapour rose up to the sky. This cheerful sight assured her that some living person was there. In a hollow glen she found a small cottage, built of sticks and reeds, and walled with sods. In this hut a witch dwelt, in loathsome rags and wilful want. Florimell went in, and found the hag sitting on the floor, busy about some wicked device. As soon as she beheld the lady she lightly started from the ground, and stared on her awhile, but did not speak, showing that she was afraid. At last she asked her who she was, and what had brought her hither. Florimell prayed leave to rest a while, and, wearied with her toil, let fall a few tears, and sighed softly, so that even the hag was touched with pity, and began to comfort her in her rude way, with womanish

compassion, and bid her sit down. She, not disdaining this homely fashion, sat down upon the dusty ground, and began to gather up her rent garments, and put in order her golden wreath and ornaments. When the hag saw this she was astonished at her beauty, and thought her some goddess.

This woman had a wicked son, a lazy loon, good for nothing, but always stretched in idleness. He never thought of applying himself to any honest work, but used to lie in the sun all day or sleep in the slothful shade. He, coming home, found the fairest creature that he ever saw sitting beside his mother on the ground. Amazed and frightened, he softly asked his mother who she was, but she only answered him with ghastly looks. But the fair virgin was so mild and meek, that she soon reassured them. And in a short time the churl became fond of her, and would bring her from the forest wild apples with bright ruddy sides, and young birds whom he had taught to sweetly carol her praise. Sometimes he would make garlands of flowers and tame wild squirrels for her.

But after a while she wished to leave that cottage, for fear of harm from the witch or her son. So she took her palfrey, now well recovered after long repasts, and arrayed him in his rich trappings, and then set off before the dawn of day. She went away in fear, afraid of every noise and every shade, lest she should be pursued by the witch or by her son. When they discovered that she was gone, they made great outcries, particularly the son, who became nearly frantic. His mother sought to restore him with herbs and charms, but nothing could assuage his fury. So then the witch turned her thoughts to bring back Florimell or else work her destruction. She called out of her hidden cave a hideous beast, horrible in aspect, monstrous, misshapen, and with a back speckled with a thousand spots of different colours. It surpassed all beasts for swiftness,

and in its appearance was most like a hyena. To this monster she gave the charge to pursue Florimell through thick and thin, nor ever to rest or breathe till he had either brought her back or devoured her.

The beast went forth in haste, and traced her footing so surely and swiftly by his scent that he shortly overtook her. When the damsel saw him, she was greatly terrified, and urged her palfrey on, who fled fast for a time, but his strength soon began to fail, and his pace waxed slow. When she perceived this, she was sore dismayed, and grew much alarmed, for on came the monster with glaring eyes and open mouth. She saw she was approaching the sea-shore, so she leapt lightly from her horse, and fled on foot to reach the sea, where she thought to drown herself rather than be seized as the monster's prey. It happened when she arrived at the roaring waves that she saw a little boat, near which lay some fishermen's nets. Into this she stept, and with an oar thrust off from land and put out to sea. The monster, ready to spring on her, came trotting up, but was cheated of his prey, nor dared to wade into the sea, but stood greedily gaping at the sight. At last he was forced to turn backwards, and return to the witch; but to avenge himself, he set upon her palfrey, and slew him cruelly.

When he had finished devouring him it chanced that a good knight, called Satyrane, came that way, who, seeing the monster feeding on the carcass, flew to its rescue, and perceived at once it was the horse on which Florimell used to ride. Then he greatly feared that she had been devoured also, and still more so when he found her golden girdle on the ground, which she had dropped in her flight. Full of sorrow, he flew fiercely on the beast, and with huge strokes forced him to leave his prey. He wounded him greatly, so that he bled much; yet he did not die, but always appeared more fresh and fierce. Satyrane knew not how to

master him when he perceived this, but, greatly enraged, he hurled away his sword, and leaping on the animal heaped furious blows upon him, for dint of steel could not quell him. Then he took the golden girdle, and bound the beast with it, who dared not withstand his conqueror, but roaring loudly, trembled and followed him, being dragged along. Soon after, the knight hearing a noise of fighting hard by, tied the beast to a tree and left it for a while, and when he came back, found it not, for it had broken the band with which he had tethered it, and returned to the witch.

When she saw it with the golden girdle she greatly rejoiced, thinking that it had devoured Florimell, and that this was part of the spoil, so she ran hastily with the girdle to her son. But he redoubled his grief and fury at the sight, and would have slain his mother had she not fled into a secret part of her cave. There she called all her sprites, and by their advice, and her own wicked wit, she devised a wondrous work. She boldly took in hand to make another Florimell, so lively and so like that it should be mistaken for the true lady. The substance of which she made the body was purest snow, congealed in a massive mould, and which she had gathered in a shady glade of the Riphœan Hills, known to the sprites, but concealed from men. She tempered this with fine mercury, and virgin wax mingled with vermilion. Instead of eyes she set two burning lamps in silver sockets, and a quick moving spirit to stir and roll them like women's eyes. For Florimell's yellow locks she covered the head with golden wire, and instead of life she put in a sprite to rule the dead carcass. She then decked it out in some gay garments which Florimell had left behind her in the hut, and then brought it forth to her son, who thought it was the lady herself. He greatly rejoiced, and soon forgot his past sorrow, for the sprite mimicked well the arts of women, and was shy and coy, yet ever drew him on to worship her.

One day, as he was sitting in the woods with this feigned lady, a knight named Braggadochio came by. He was accoutred in shining armour, and followed by his squire, Trompart. Yet his brave looks were but false show, for he was at heart a coward, and dared not fight, but only vaunted his deeds in vain words. He, seeing the witch's son, a common peasant, with a lady so richly attired, marvelled much, and quickly attacked the clown, who, half dead with fear, fell straight upon the ground.

"Villain," said the boaster, "this lady is my dear, and I will bear her away."

The trembling peasant durst not contradict him, so he mounted the seeming lady on Trompart's steed, and set forth. Whilst he talked to it an armed knight came up, mounted on a strong courser, who trampled with a thundering noise. This greatly dismayed Braggadochio; yet he looked grim, and feigned to cheer his lady, who pretended to quake for fear in every limb, and meekly prayed him to save her. The stranger approached, and with bold words and threats commanded Braggadochio to leave the lady to him, or else to do battle. This challenge frightened him greatly, but he dissembled, and said, "Since you will shorten your days, turn your steed, and we will both meet in equal tilt."

This agreed, they each drew back a furlong's length; but Braggadochio, once having gained that distance, showed not his face again, but fled with speed and abandoned his love. The knight cared not to pursue the coward, but seized the lady from Trompart, and took her away with him.

Meanwhile the true Florimell was in the little boat, which floated out to sea, carried swiftly along by the waves. Darkness came on, and the night passed. When morning came she could see no land, but the air was mild and the sky clear, and Æolus, god of the winds, kept all his

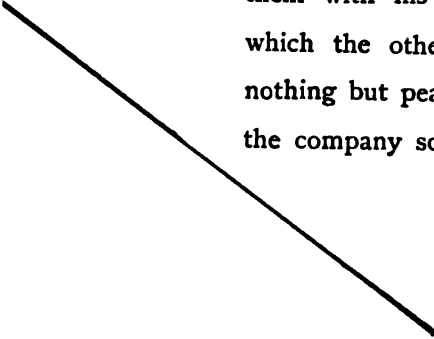
blasts from stirring up their strong enmity, in pity for her state; for she was alone and desolate, without food or shelter, and the frail cork boat was at the mercy of the waters, so she feared much that she had only escaped death from the monster to perish in the tossing main. But at last she found succour, for Proteus came by, driving his chariot along the foaming waves.

Proteus was shepherd of the seas, and had charge of Neptune's mighty herd. He was an aged sire, with hoary frozen hair, and frost upon his beard. He perceived something tossed upon the waters, and swiftly steered thither his chariot, which was drawn by a team of scaly seals. When the lady looked up and saw him, she hid her face for fear of his grim sight, and cried aloud. But he endeavoured to comfort her with mild speeches, and told her who he was; yet he could not calm her fears, for her faint heart was benumbed with the cold, and her senses quailed with astonishment. He lifted her up in his rugged hands, and kissed her with his frosty lips while the cold icicles from his rough beard dropped on her ivory neck as he laid her in his chariot, which he drove to his bower, and left the boat tossed on the waves. His bower was at the bottom of the sea, under a mighty rock which had been roughly hollowed into a cave, against which the billows roared and foamed. No living thing was in it except one old nymph, called Panopé, to keep it clean. To this place he brought the sad Florimell, and Panopé entertained her with the best she had. And Proteus sweetly wooed her with flattering words, for he would fain have won her to be his queen, and allured her with fair gifts. But she refused all, and would not hear him, but evermore turned away from all his offers. Sometimes he boasted that he was a sea-god, then she said she loved a mortal best. Then he would make himself a mortal, but then she said she loved none but a fairy

knight. Then he took the shape of a fairy knight, for he could turn himself into anything, then he appeared as a king; but finding all useless, he began to terrify her, and transformed himself like a giant, a fiend, a centaur, then like a raging storm; but when he saw nothing moved her he cast her into a deep dungeon, where we must leave her for a while.

For we must not forget to tell of the great tournament which Satyrane held for love of Florimell, and to which a number of knights and their ladies came. Amongst these was Blandamour and the false Florimell, whom he had won from that Ferran in fight, who had taken her from Braggadochio. And though he had allured many dames by his wily arts, yet was he deceived by the blandishments of the sprite which was so expert in subtilty that it could overreach any earthly wight. So he did her daily service, and she recompensed him with golden words and sweet looks. There were also Sir Paridell and Duessa, with her borrowed beauty, Sir Cambel and Cambina, Sir Triamond and Canacee, and an old hag, named Até, who had belonged to Blandamour before he took the false Florimell from Ferran. She was monstrous and ill-shapen, her eyes squinted contrary ways, and her tongue was divided into two parts so that she spoke double. She had one ear large and the other small, one foot long and the other short, and when she walked they went in two directions, the one forward, the other back. Likewise were her hands unequal, for whatever one made the other marred.

As this crew rode along they spied one in bright arms coming towards them with his spear set. Sir Paridell addressed himself against him, which the other seeing, soon lowered his vaunted lance, as if he meant nothing but peace. This was Braggadochio himself, who on looking round the company soon recognised the false Florimell, whom he had lost about



one hour after he had won her. He began forthwith to challenge her as his prize which he had won in battle.

But Blandamour said, "Sir knight, since you claim this lady, you shall win her in fair fight, as I have done. Let her be placed here together with this hag, and he who is beaten shall have the hag and always ride with her till he gets another lady."

This offer pleased all the company, so they brought forth (false) Florimell with Até, and laughed merrily; but Braggadochio said he would not imperil his person for such a hag, but if they found another lady to match Florimell then he would fight. They all smiled at his vain excuse, and scorned his unmanly cowardice. The sprite and Até both reviled him for refusing battle, but he was too base-minded to care. So they all rode on to the place of meeting, and as they travelled, this mock-knight was their sport and play. At last they arrived at the lists, and there they divided, separating themselves into parties. But boastful Braggadochio rather chose to keep by himself that men might gaze more on him. The rest went in troops, and each rode with his lady.

On the first morning, Sir Satyrane came forth, bearing the precious relic in a golden box, and drew it gently out, that all might see it. It was a gorgeous girdle, curiously embossed in pearls and precious stones, and its fine workmanship surpassed its costliness. This he hung in open view, to be the prize of might and beauty. Then, taking in his hand a huge spear, he rode forth ready for the fight. The other troop of knights singled out a Paynim warrior well skilled in arms, named Bruncheval the Bold, who rode fiercely out. They both met so furiously that neither could sustain the other's force, but both were felled to the ground, where they lay in a maze. Then Sir Ferramont pricked forth in aid of Satyrane, and against him Sir Blandamour rode with all his strength and stiffness.

But the more strongly he ran, the more sorely did he fall to the ground, horse and man tumbled in a heap. To his rescue came Paridell, but he was overthrown with the same spear. It was now Braggadochio's turn to hasten to his aid, but he stood still, dismayed and doubtful, which Triamond wrath to see, sternly stepped forth, and snatched his spear away, with which he assayed Sir Ferramont so hard that he bore horse and man to the ground. To avenge him, Sir Devon rode out, but was quickly smitten down; then came Sir Douglas, and after him Sir Palinord pressed forth, but none of these could stand against his strokes, but were either left upon the ground, or went away much wounded.

By this time Sir Satyrane came out of his faint, and, looking round, saw what Triamond was doing to his band of knights. So he gathered up his scattered weapons, jumped on his steed, and galloping up to Triamond, came against him with his beamlike spear, and made such a wound in his side that streams of blood covered his armour, and he could scarcely stand. He withdrew himself out of the field, unperceived, and then the band of challengers began to range the ground as victors. By that time evening came on, and all were forced to cease from fighting, for the trumpets sounded. So Satyrane was judged victor of the first day.

The next morning the tournament began again, and on one side appeared the hardy Satyrane and his crew, but Sir Triamond was not with the other party, for he was too much wounded to be able to fight. But Cambel put on his arms, in order to gain glory for him, but did not tell him. To avenge the indignity offered to his friend, he bent a mighty spear against Satyrane, and both met with equal fury, and went forcibly to the ground. Then they lightly reared themselves up, and took to their swords, with which they wrought such marvels, that all the rest were amazed—now hurtling round, now chasing to and fro, now turning

here and there. At last Sir Satyrane chanced to stumble, which Cambel took advantage of, struck him on the crest, and knocked him out of his saddle under his horse's feet. Then he lightly leapt from his steed to seize his shield and arms, when suddenly he felt a hideous shower of sword strokes flashing round him, for a hundred knights set on him to rescue Satyrane. Yet undismayed he turned on them all with stout courage; but what could one do among so many? The news was brought to Triamond, who, starting up, soon forgot his wound, and hastily sought for his armour, but found it not. Therefore he took Cambel's arms and flew into the thickest of the press, nor ceased his strokes till he came to where his friend was being dragged away by two knights. These he soon forced to let him go, whereupon the captive quickly seized a weapon from one of them and laid fiercely about him. And now these two ran fiercely over all the field like two furious wolves, till the trumpets sounded and the fight ceased. The victory was adjudged to Cambel and Triamond, and each of them transferred it to the other, preferring his friend's glory to his own.

On the third and last day full as many deeds of arms were done. But Satyrane bore over all the others, and though fortune sometimes abandoned him, yet he always recovered his honour and assured his party. And all the knights there showed their utmost prowess, which was well seen by their wounds, their shivered spears, their scattered shields, their swords all strewn about, and their steeds running loosely about. But still Satyrane's party had the best of the fight, till there entered on the other side a stranger knight, in quaint disguise. His armour was covered with woody moss, and all his steed trapped with oaken leaves. On his ragged shield was written—

“*Salvagesse sans finesse.*”

As soon as he came into the lists he charged his spear against the first

he saw, and bore down the stout Sir Sanglier, and after him Sir Brianor, then seven knights one after the other. And when his spear was broken, he took his sword and hewed and slashed on every side, beating down whatever came near him. All wondered whence he came, but knew not who he was, but called him the savage knight, though his right name was Arthegall. So Satyrane and all his band were beaten and chased about till evening.

But when the sun went down, there rushed out of the thickest rout a stranger knight, who dimmed Arthegall's glory; so none may be esteemed happy till the end. For he charged his spear, and smote Arthegall on his visor so hard that he stumbled back over his horse's tail. Seeing this, Cambel ran at the stranger with all his might and main, but was shortly after seen lying on the ground. Triamond came to avenge him, but shared the same fate; so did Blandamour, who ran next. Many others rode at him, but were all dismounted; and no wonder, for no power of man could withstand the power of that enchanted spear which Britomart (for she was the stranger) carried. So she relieved the weak band of challengers, and restored to them the prize which they had nearly lost. Then the shrill trumpets loudly brayed, and called them to come to a joyous feast, where beauty's prize should win the precious spoil.

The girdle of Florimell had a wondrous property, for it would not remain on any maiden who was not true-hearted and faithful, but either fell off at once or tore itself asunder. It was made by Vulcan, forged in unquenchable fire, and given by him to Venus. She, playing with the Graces, left it on the Aridalian mount, and they gave it to Florimell, whom they had fostered.

And now, the feast being ended, the judges went into the field, to decide who was the victor in arms. It was judged that Satyrane had

done best on the first day, Triamond on the second, and the third day's prize belonged to the stranger whom they called the knight of the ebony spear, which was Britomart, because she had borne down the savage knight, and remained unconquered to the last.

Next, each knight brought forth his lady, that it might be seen which was the fairest. First Cambello led forth Cambina; then Triamond, Canacee. After her, Paridell produced Duessa; Ferramont, Lucida, and then other knights a hundred ladies more. At last Britomart showed the lovely Amoret, beautiful as an angel; and all who saw her thought that she would bear away the prize till Blandamour brought his false Florimell. She was at once seen to be the fairest, for she shone among the rest like Phoebus among the lesser stars. Some thought she was not mortal, yet were they glad to see Florimell (as they thought) again. Yet she seemed to have surpassed herself, for they did not remember her as so fair as this was, for forged things do often fairest show. However, they brought the golden belt to her, and put it on her. But ever as they fastened it, it loosed and fell away. At this all wondered, and she was filled with spite and rage. They tried it on other ladies, but on many of them it would not rest, but when they thought it best fastened, it untied itself. At last the gentle Amoret essayed to wear it, and found it rested, fitting perfectly. This filled the others with envy, and the false Florimell snatched it from her, and tied it round herself, though she could not keep it on. But the judges decreed it should belong to her, as the fairest.

And then arose the question, to whom should she be given, for many claimed her. First they bestowed her on Britomart, but she refused her; then to the savage knight, but he was gone; then to Triamond, but he loved none but Canacee; then to Satyrane, who was well pleased thereat. But Blandamour and Paridell desired to have her also, and Braggadochio

claimed her as his own. So, to end dispute, they set her in the midst, and declared that to whichever she came, he should possess her. All gazed on the snowy maid, and each wished and vowed that she might come to himself. When she had looked long upon each, as if wishing to please all, she walked up to Braggadochio, in spite of all his foes. When the others beheld this they chafed and raged with spite, and many offered him battle, but he listened to none of them. And that night he secretly bore his prize away, for he thought it not safe to remain longer.

So ended the tournament of Satyrane.

In the mean time the true Florimell languished in chains, in the dark and gloomy dungeon of Proteus. It was in the bottom of a huge, great rock, and needed not iron bars or brazen lock, for it was walled with waves that raged and roared as if they would have cleft the cliff in pieces. Besides, ten thousand abhorred monsters, begored with blood, waited about it, gaping-mouthed. There did this luckless maid abide seven months, and never saw evening or morning, or knew day from night, but thought it was all one long night.

As for Marinell, who despised her love, he lingered long in sickness from the wound that Britomart had given him. The nymph, his mother, sought far and near, and applied many salves and herbs to his hurt. But when she saw nought could ease his rankling malady, she went to Tryphon, the sea-god's surgeon, and besought him to find some remedy. And for his pains she gave him a whistle wrought from a fish-shell with rare delight. In a short time that leech restored him to health, and entirely cured him. But his mother kept him with her, much against his will, lest he should imperil his life again.

Now, about this time took place a great feast, given to all the sea-gods and their children, in honour of the marriage of the Thames and the

Medway. It was agreed that the bridal banquet should be given in the house of Proteus, so thither they all repaired. First came the great Neptune, with his three-forked mace, that rules the seas and makes them rise or fall. He wore an imperial diadem, under which hung his dewy locks, dripping with brine. By his side sat Amphitrite his queen, crowned with a coronal, and her ivory shoulders covered with her silver hair and decked with pearls from the Indian seas. These marched far before the others, and all the way before them Triton blew his shrill trumpet in goodly triumph, that made the rocks to roar and echo again. And after them came the royal princes who claim to rule the billows, twenty-six in number; then Oceanus and Tethys, an ancient pair, and wise Nereus, sincere in word and deed, doing right himself, and so teaching others, and expert in prophecies. And after him came the river-gods, too many to be mentioned. Next was a celestial sound of music, which was Arion, crowned, and playing on his harp, so that the raging seas forgot to roar, and his dolphin stood by him astonished. Then came the bridegroom in a robe of watchet hue, on which waves, glittering like crystal, were so cunningly enwoven that few could tell if they were true or false, and on his head he wore a golden coronet. Round him were many little pages, the small river-gods which do him service, and all the other English and Irish river-gods, to honour his espousals. Last came the bride, the lovely Medua, clad in a vesture like silver, that became her well, sprinkled with spangles like stars. Her golden locks were bescattered with flowers, and on her head she wore a chaplet of dewy blossoms. Two handmaids attended on her, and carried her spreading train, under which appeared her silver feet, washed for this day. Two pages marched before her, and she was followed by a procession of sea-nymphs, decked with long green hair, more than three thousand in number. It were too much to tell the names of all this great equipage,

more easy would it be to count the stars or the sands. They filled the house of Proteus to the door, yet were they all disposed in due order, according to their degrees. Among them was Cymoënt, the mother of Marinell, who brought her son with her. But as he was half mortal, through his father, he was not allowed to taste immortal food nor to banquet with the gods. So, while they feasted, he walked about to view the building. Under a hideous cliff he heard a maiden's voice lamentably complaining, and bemoaning her piteous state in this sad song:—

“ Though vain, I see, my sorrows to unfold
 And count my cares when none are nigh to hear,
 Yet, hoping grief may lessen, being told,
 I will them tell though unto no man near.
 Alas ! the seas, I see, by often beating,
 Do pierce the rock, and hardest marble wear,
 But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
 Will yield ; but when my piteous plaint he hears,
 Is hardened more with my abundant tears.
 Yet though he never will to me relent,
 But let me waste in woe my wretched years,
 Yet will I never of my love repent,
 But joy that for his sake I suffer prisonment.

2.

And when my weary ghost, with grief outworn,
 By timely death shall win her wish-for rest,
 Let then this plaint unto his ears be borne
 That blame it is to him, that arms profest,
 To let her die whom he might have redrest.
 But while I him condemn, he where he will goes free.
 So cver free, so ever happy be !
 But where so free or happy that thou art,
 Know, Marinell, that this is all for thee.”

There she ceased, and wailed and wept as if her heart would break. When Marinell heard this complaint, his stubborn heart was touched with soft remorse and pity. He groaned and wished that he could rescue her, and began to devise in his grieved mind how he might get her from the

dungeon. Sometimes he thought he would sue to Proteus; sometimes, that he would take sword and shield, and bring her out by force—but this he knew was vain. Then he thought, could he steal her thence secretly? But he could find no way in, for the sea flowed all round, and he had no boat, even if he could find her, to take her away in. Sadly he wandered about the rock, reproaching himself for his cruelty to her whom he now dearly loved, and who had refused a sea-god for his sake; and in vain did he listen to hear her sweet voice again.

By this time the feast was ended, and all went homeward. Marinell was much dismayed at this, and was loth to leave his love in that sea-walled fort, yet he durst not disobey his mother, so marched home among the rest, inwardly mourning. Being returned to the nymph's bower, he began to think in the silence what Florimell endured for his sake; and for lamenting her anguish he could take delight in nothing, but pined, mourned, neither eating by day nor sleeping at night. Soon he was brought, by his inward torture of heart, to the gates of death; and in vain did his mother send for Tryphon—he told her it was some hidden malady of which she knew nought. Then she inquired of Apollo, who divined that it was love which had brought him to this pass.

When the nymph, by many entreaties, had found from her son that Florimell was the cause of his grief, she was vexed; yet, as his life almost failed, it was no time to think of the prophecy. She rightly guessed that it was vain to sue to Proteus, the cause of the woe; but she went straight to Neptune, king of the seas, and prayed him to grant her Florimell, who was cast a waif on the seas, and therefore rightly belonged to its sovereign. The monarch listened to her humble request, and gave her a warrant under his seal, commanding Proteus forthwith to let free that maid, who, wandering on the imperial seas, he had lately taken, and kept as his thrall. This

she received with due thankfulness, and went at once with it to Proteus, who read it with inward loathfulness. Yet he durst not withstand it, so he delivered up Florimell. She received her, taking her lily hand, and much admiring her beauty, led her home, joyous that she has got so fair a wife for her son. At her dear sight his heart was soon revived, and he showed his joy. The gentle virgin was no less pleased, yet veiled her new happiness with modesty. And it was agreed that their bridal should be solemnized with great pomp and rejoicing at the Castle of the Strand. The time and the place was blazed far and wide, and feasts and guests ordained. An infinite number of lords and ladies resorted thither, nor was any knight of courage absent. As the sun appears after storms and tempests, so joy now came to Florimell after her long captivity, and blissful hours after fortune had spent her spite.

It were long to tell of the glories of the bridal feast, the goodly service, the curious shows, the royal state of the bridegroom and the rich array of the bride. When all men had sufficed their appetites with plenty of meat and drink, they addressed themselves to deeds of chivalry; and Sir Marinell issued forth, richly armed, with six knights, who undertook to challenge all comers, and maintain that Florimell excelled all other ladies. The six followers were all courageous, and well proved in many a fight. Their names were Orimont, Bellisont, Brunell, Ecastor, Armeddan, and Lansack. Against these came all that liked, from every country under the sun; the trumpets sounded, then all spurred forwards. Many brave deeds of arms were done, and many knights unhorsed or wounded. And the greatest praise that day fell to Marinell, whose name was shouted by the heralds.

The second day of the tourney they came into the field by dawn of light, and continued the combat with divers fortunes, in which all strove

with peril to win fame. At last the trumpets proclaimed that Marinell had done best.

The third day came, that was to decide all, and they met to make an end. Marinell did many brave deeds, and flew like a lion through the thickest of the fight, riving plates of mail asunder, and crashing helmets with dreadful strokes. But at last his foes got behind him, surrounded and enclosed him straitly, and bound him captive with bands. It chanced, however, that Sir Arthegall just then rode into the tilt-yard, with Braggadochio and his snowy dame, whom he had met by the way; for he had heard from Florimell's dwarf of the tourney, and had come to attend it. Seeing Marinell's danger, he prayed the boaster to change shields with him, that he might be unknown, and then rushed into the thickest of the fight. He soon rescued Marinell, who quickly armed himself again, and they set afresh on the other crew, whom they overset with sore havock and chased quite out of the field. Then Arthegall gave back his shield to Braggadochio, who had all this while remained behind, keeping his false lady with him.

The trumpets sounded, the judges rose, and all the knights came to the open hall to see the honours awarded. Thither, also, came fair Florimell, to greet every knight, and above all, he who had done best. Then they loudly called for the stranger knight, to give him the garland, and for him appeared Braggadochio, and deceitfully showed his own shield, (the sun blazing on a field of gold was the device) which Arthegall had borne. They were all glad, and adjudged to him the prize, and the shrill bugles thrice resounded his name. Then Florimell came up, and praised his brave enterprise and gave him a thousand thanks. To which the boaster scornfully replied with proud disdain that he did it not for her, but for his own dear lady's sake, who far excelled her. At this rude speech

the gentle lady turned aside for shame at his uncouthness. Then he brought forth the snowy Florimell, whom Trompart his squire had kept covered with a veil. When the people saw her they were stupefied with amazement, and said surely it was Florimell, or else it surpassed her. Likewise, when Marinell beheld her he was much dismayed, and knew not what to think, but stood long astonished, and afraid that she was the true Florimell.

Meantime, Arthegall, who all this time had been hidden in the crowd, issued forth, for he could bear no longer the pride and guile of the boaster; so he said to him, "Thou vile wretch, that hast covered thyself with borrowed plumes, thou shalt now be disgraced. Thou art not the man who aided Marinell: if thou art, show thy sword, and let us see what strokes it did, or thy wounds. But here is the sword that wrought these strokes, and the arm that bore that shield, and the signs" (showing his wounds) "by which glory was gained. And as for that lady, it is not, I wager, Florimell at all, but some vain damsel fit for thee. Let the true Florimell be brought forth."

This they did, and she came with comely grace; and, bashful for the boaster's rude words, she blushed, so that her fair countenance seemed roses and lilies interlaced; but when the people saw her they shouted and showed signs of gladness. Then they set the snowy maid beside her, and lo, as soon as they were together, the enchanted damsel vanished into nought, melting away, and nothing was left of her but Florimell's golden girdle which she carried with her. All were greatly astonished, and Braggadochio dismayed; but Arthegall took up the belt and presented it to Florimell, who fitted it well round her tender waist.

While this passed, Sir Guyon, who was amongst the crowd, recognised his own good horse, which Braggadochio had stolen from him, as is told.

in the history of his adventures ; so, seizing his golden bit with one hand, and drawing his sword with the other, he offered to smite him dead if he resisted. This made a great noise in the hall, and Arthegall came to inquire what it was. When it was found that Braggadochio refused to fight Guyon, this was enough by the law of arms to show that the right was on Guyon's side. Yet they asked if there were any private tokens by which its owner knew the animal. He said that there was a black spot inside his mouth in the shape of a horse's shoe. To see this, one of the men took the horse in hand, but he kicked the man so violently that he broke all his ribs. Another took hold of him by the embroidered headstall, but he kicked him on the shoulder, so that he was quite maimed. Nor would he open his mouth to any one till Guyon spoke to him, calling him by his name, Brigadore. Then he stood quite still, and allowed himself to be examined ; and when his master named him, he broke his bands for joy, and followed him with glee, and frisked about. Then Sir Arthegall judged that the horse and its golden saddle belonged to Guyon.

At this, Braggadochio began to upbraid and revile him, as very unjust ; but he was driven out of the hall, and his beard shaved off, his shield overturned, his arms taken from where they were hung, and dispersed, and his sword broken in two. Such was the disgrace of this traitor to true knighthood, and infamous vagabond, who, as he went away, was gibed and jeered at by all the people ; and the knights and ladies laughed to think what a glorious show he had made through his knavery.

This is the history of the fair Florimell, and Marinell, whom we shall leave with all the brave company, spending joyous days and gladsome nights, and taking good usury of fore-past time.



TALE VI.

TALUS; OR, THE IRON MAN.



HE early history of the good knight, Arthegall, was this: One day when the goddess Astræa was walking through the world, she found him, a gentle child, playing with other infants, at sports and games, and seeing him fit for her purpose, she allured him with gifts and fair speeches to go with her. So she led him far away into a lonely cave, where she kept him many years, and taught him all the discipline of justice. He learnt how to weigh right and wrong in an equal balance, and to measure equity according to the line of conscience. And as there were no human beings near, he exercised his powers on the wild beasts when they wrongfully oppressed others of their kind. So he dwelt until he grew to manhood and was well trained in all graces and virtues. Then the goddess went to the house of Jove, and sought diligently till she found a powerful sword which Jove himself once used against the giant Titans, and which had since lain there unused. It was made of perfect metal, tempered with adamant, and garnished with gold upon the blade, from whence it was called Chrysaor. There was no substance so hard or firm but this sword

could pierce and cleave it, nor any armour which it could not divide. This sword she gave to her adopted son, and she bestowed upon him also her attendant, Talus, who was a man made of iron instead of flesh, immovable and resistless. He always carried in his hand an iron flail, with which he threshed out falsehood and unfolded truth. This done, the goddess returned to the skies, from whence she derived her race, where ye may now see her, sixth in degree, with her balance hanging next her.

The adventure which Queen Gloriana gave Arthegall to perform when he was at the court of Fairyland was to succour a distressed lady, the Princess Irena, from the usurpation of a cruel tyrant, Grantorto, who had seized the crown and heritage which belonged to her of right. For this purpose the good knight left his love, Britomart, (as ye have read), and set forth on his way with Talus.

After some days' travel they came upon a sorry sight. A squire was seated on the ground, weeping and lamenting; and by him lay the headless corpse of a lady, her gay clothes all discoloured with blood. The head itself lay a little distance off. Arthegall was much moved at the spectacle, and asked who had done this foul wrong—was it the squire, or another?

"Woe is me," said the squire, "that I should see this dismal day! Little loss would it be if I granted that I did this deed, so that I might drink the same cup; but then I should die guilty of another's blame."

"Who was it, then," said Arthegall, "that wrought this? tell me true."

"It was a knight who came by," said he, "if he can be called a knight, and for no cause. I was sitting with a fair love, whose loss I now lament, when he came by with his lady; and seeing mine to be the fairest, he desired that we should exchange. I would not consent, nor would the ladies, so he rudely threw his dame off from his courser, snatched up mine, and bore her away. But when his lady saw this, she

ran with speed, and catching hold of him, besought him not to leave her, but rather to let her die by his hand. Whereupon he cruelly and wrathfully raised his sword, and smote off her head with scorn as he rode away."

"By what marks," said Arthegall, "may he be known?"

"He is too far gone," said the squire, "to be overtaken, but his device is a broken sword on a bloody field, which well expresses his nature."

No sooner was this said than Arthegall signed to his iron page to depart, who ran so fast away that he seemed to skim the ground. Soon he overtook Sir Sanglier (such was the knight's name), whom he guessed by his looks and by his device. He bade him stay, and return with him; whereupon the knight, full of rage at being commanded thus, ordered the lady instantly to alight, set his spear, and ran at Talus with all his force. It moved him no more than would stones thrown at a rock; but he, leaping forward, gave the knight such a blow that he fell on the ground. Before he could rise, Talus seized him in his iron grip, and he found himself so ill-hurt that he could scarcely walk, so Talus dragged him along, and forced the lady to return also.

When they came up to Arthegall and the squire, the former demanded of Sanglier to know what had passed between him and the squire. Sanglier, with indignant pride and stern countenance, answered that he had slain no lady nor taken his accuser's love, but his own property, and declared he was guiltless of all.

Then said Arthegall, "The right of this doubtful cause can hardly be tried but by sacrament, or ordeal, or bloody fight, in which ill might fall to either side. But perhaps I may end all quarrel if you will swear to abide by my judgment."

And to this they agreed.

"Now," said he, "since ye both deny the dead lady, and claim the living as your right, let both be divided equally between you; and he who dissents from this decree shall, as a penance, bear the head of the slain lady for twelve months, as a witness to the world that he killed her."

Sanglier was well pleased, and would have had the second lady immediately slain; but the squire, to whom she was dear, yielded that she should remain alive with his foe, and rather chose to bear the head.

"True love despiseth shame when life is called in dread."

When Arthegall perceived him thus willing—"Not so," said he. "Thou squire, art worthy of the living lady, and I deem her thine. And thou, sir knight, who esteemest love so lightly, and wouldest leave it for so little, take your own lady, and bear the burden of infamy, to tell abroad your shame."

But Sanglier repined at this, and would by no means consent, till Talus forced him to take it up, and he saw it was useless to resist. Then the squire offered to serve Sir Arthegall, and go with him on his journey; but he would not consent to this, and leaving him, went on his way with Talus.

After some days he met a dwarf, who told him of a cruel Saracen who dwelt a little way off, and had slain many knights through his treachery. "He is," said he, "a man expert in battle and deeds of arms, and his daughter aids him in his undertakings by her magic arts. He has gained great lordships and many goodly farms through his extortions and wrong doings. He never allows any one to pass over his bridge without paying a heavy toll, and he has a bald groom, who mightily

pilfers and pillages from the poor, while he himself tyrannizes over the rich. His name is Pollenté, and he fights on his long and very narrow bridge, which is full of trap-falls, through which riders are plunged into a river, swift and dangerously deep. Then he, accustomed by long practice, leaps into the stream, and either drowns or slays his enemy. After which, he takes the spoils and brings them to his daughter, who has the coffers of her treasury heaped so high that she exceeds many princes in wealth. Her name is Munera."

"Now, by my life," quoth Arthegall, "and the help of heaven, I will take no other way this day but by that bridge, so show me the way."

This the dwarf did, and ere long they came to the place. The Saracen was there, ready armed. When they reached the entrance, a bald-headed villain came and asked for money, according to their law, to which Arthegall answered, "Lo, there is thy hire," and with that dealt him a blow which laid him dead on the ground.

When the Pagan saw this, he waxed angry, and set his spear in rest. Arthegall did the same, and they would have met right in the middle of the bridge; but just there, the trap was let down, and the Saracen leapt forward, thinking his foe would fall, but he was well aware of it, and lightly sprang in. So both were together in the flood, and dashed at each other; but the Pagan had the advantage, for he was accustomed to fight in the water, and his courser could swim like a fish. Arthegall thought the best way would be to close with him; so, driving him down the tide, he seized his iron collar, and would not slack his hold for anything. Thus he forced him to forsake his horse's back, and to betake himself to swimming. Then the fight was equal, for Arthegall was very skilful in swimming, and could venture in water of any depth, as every knight should be able. He was also the best breather, so in the end his foe

grew faint, and fled to the land. But Arthegall pursued him with bright Chrysaor, the golden sword, in his hand, and just as he reared his head above the waves to get to the bank, he smote it off, so it stumbled on the strand, gnashing its teeth. The body was carried down by the current, but Talus put the head on a high pole, fixed in the ground, where it remained for many years.

Then the knight went to the castle, where the daughter was entrenched, guarded by many, who defied him, and hurled down showers of stones from the battlements. So, finding he could not enter, he ordered Talus to devise some means whereby they might get in. The page, on receiving this command, marched up to the gate, and began to batter the door with his iron flail, shaking the floors of all the rooms, and filling the castle with confusion and uproar. Then the garrison began to hurl their stones and shoot their arrows upon him, but this moved him not a whit, he stedfastly continued his heavy strokes. The lady came out upon the castle and besought him with fair words to cease, but he heeded not her prayers. Then she began her charms, but they were of no avail. Next, she thought to corrupt him, so she caused enormous sacks of riches to be heaved up on the battlements and poured over the wall, that they might gain some time while he was gathering the gold—but he was not to be tempted. He still continued his assault, hammering with all his might, till at last he rent the door, and made a way for his master to enter, who straightway passed in. Immediately every one fled, and hid themselves in corners here and there; and the lady, also, half dead with fright, concealed herself. They sought her long, but could find her nowhere, until Talus, who could track like a blood-hound, discovered her under a heap of gold. He dragged her out by her fair locks, without pity. Though Arthegall felt compassion, yet he would not change the course of

justice, which Talus always executed. So the page took the lady by her slender waist, and in spite of her loud cries, threw her over the castle wall into the slimy river. Then he seized upon all that mucky pelf, and evil-gotten spoil, and burning it to ashes, threw it likewise into the stream. Lastly, he razed the castle to the ground, and defaced all its hewn stones, that there might be no hope of restoration, nor any remembrance of it; and the wicked custom of the bridge was abolished. After which, Sir Arthegall returned to his former journey.

The next place they went to was the castle of the Rich Strand, where the wedding of Florimell and Marinell was solemnized with great pomp and joy, as is told at length in the history of Florimell.* After which, they took their way by the sea-shore; and there, one morning, they chanced to find two squires, brethren, disputing together, while beside them stood two fair damsels who endeavoured to allay their wrath, sometimes by fair words, sometimes by threats, but in vain. Before them lay a strong coffer, bound on every side with iron bands, but which appeared to have been battered and knocked, either through being wrecked, or being carried from foreign countries. They were firmly resolved to settle the quarrel by arms, when Arthegall, coming up, asked them to tell him the cause of their dispute.

The eldest answered, "Sir, we are two brethren; and our sire, Milesio, bequeathed his lands equally to us—two islands, which you may see before you in the ocean. One appears like a little mount, though it was formerly of the same size as the other. But the sea has washed away the greater part of my land, and thrown it upon my brother's isle. Now, it chanced that I loved that maid" (showing her), "who is called Philtra the fair, with whom I should have got a goodly dower; and my brother Amidas

* Tale V.

was betrothed to the other damsel, Lucy, who had no fortune but her virtues, though what can be a better heritage? But when Philtra saw my lands thus decay and diminish, she left me, and went to my brother, who took her, and straightway forsook his own love, Lucy. She, in her despair at being thus cruelly abandoned, threw herself headlong into the sea, thinking to end her grief by death. But whilst she was tossing among the billows, wavering between life and destruction, she chanced to light upon this coffer; and as she began to taste the pains of death, she repented of her purpose, and caught fast hold of this sea-beaten chest, which, after a long time, at last was driven by the waves near my shores. I, who was wandering there, espied her and helped to save her; for which service she bestowed on me herself, and the present which fortune had made her—both good portions, and herself the best. But Philtra declares that the treasure in this chest belongs to her, and that she had it transported by sea to bestow it on her husband Amidas, when it was shipwrecked by the way. But whether this is true or not, I cannot tell. However, I say this, that whatever good or ill fortune gives me, I will hold as my own; and though my brother first got my land, and then my love (though I care not for that now), yet he shall not have this also, for I shall defend it whilst I can.”

So said Bracidas, and then Amidas answered, “It is true concerning the land, but that is not the question, but about this coffer. For I can prove it to be Philtra’s by certain marks, therefore it should be given up to her at once.”

When both had spoken, Arthegall said, “Your strife might be easily accorded, if you would remit it to some one’s judgment.”

“To yourself,” said they: “we give our word to abide by your decree.”

Then Arthegall made them lay their swords under his foot as a token of assurance, which being done, he spoke thus: "Tell me, Amidas, by what right do you hold all that part of your brother's land which the sea has washed away and added to your shores?"

"What right," said he, "but that the sea has laid it to my share?"

"Good," said Arthegall: "you shall keep what the sea has given you. Now, Bracidas, by what right do you claim the coffer of treasure which is Philtra's dowry?"

"Why," answered he, "because the sea has thrown it on my shores."

"Good," said Arthegall: "you likewise shall keep what the sea has given you; for what the ocean has taken from former possessors, whether by restless waves or by wreck, it may dispose of as it will."

When he had pronounced this sentence Amidas and Philtra were displeased, but Bracidas and Lucy were glad, and went away with the coffer, and Arthegall and Talus resumed their journey.

Their next adventure was that they came upon a large troop of women, clad in armour, and carrying weapons. In the midst of them was a knight with his hands pinioned behind him, a halter round his neck, his face covered and his head bare. He was led along by them, groaning inwardly that he should die so base a death at women's hands. But they rejoiced in his distress, and reviled and reproached him in mocking terms. When Arthegall began to ask what was the cause of this man's unhappy state, they swarmed round him, meaning to lay hands on him for some villainous purpose. When he perceived their ill intent he drew back, and as he would not attack womankind himself, he sent Talus to them, who with a few strokes of his iron flail soon dispersed them all, so that they fled, leaving their wretched captive behind. Then Talus led him to where Arthegall sat, beholding the rout. As soon as he saw the prisoner, he

knew him, and said, "Sir Turpin, how come you to be in this wretched case, overthrown by women, and in their power?"

Turpin was confounded with shame and dismay, and would say but little, but at last rehearsed the cause. "I heard a report," said he, "of a proud Amazonian queen who defies all the knights of Fairyland, and wreaks upon all the villainy which she can forge in her malicious head. The cause of her spite and hatred, they say, is for the sake of Bellodant the Bold, whom she once fervently loved; but when she saw that he esteemed her not, and she could never win him, she turned her love to hatred, and vowed for his sake to do all the ill she could to knights. So all champions whom she hath subdued, whether by force or guile, she despoils of their arms, and clothes them in women's apparel. Then she compels them to work and earn their food by spinning, carding, sewing, washing, or wringing. And she only gives them bread and water, and such like feeble nourishment, to take away their strength and disable them from revenge. But if any disdainfully refuse to submit to these shameful insults, she causes them to be hanged on yonder gibbet: and such would have been my fate this day; for, being overcome in fight by her, I chose to die, rather than so to live."

"What is her name," said Arthegall, "and where does she dwell?"

"Her name," said he, "is Radigund. She has achieved many successes in battle, and great glory. She is a princess of great power, and greater pride."

"Now," said Arthegall, "by my knightly faith, I will not rest till I try her might, and take vengeance on her for all she hath done. And you, Sir Turpin, throw away your fetters and come with me, that you may see how fortune will repair your ruined name."

The other gladly obeyed, and throwing off his badges of reproach, he

showed the way to the Amazons' city, which was between one or two miles off, and called Radegone, after the queen. When they drew near they were descried by the watchman on the city watch tower, who immediately warned the inhabitants that three warlike persons had appeared, one seemed a knight all armed. Then the people all rushed to get their weapons, swarming like bees; and ere long the queen herself, half like a man, came out of the palace, and began to marshal them in array.

By this time the knights had reached the gate, and began to knock upon it for entrance; and seeing the porter scorned them for being few in number, they threatened, if they should win the town, to tear him in pieces. When Radigund heard this, she gnashed her teeth, and being enraged, ordered that the gates should be instantly unbarred, and that they should be met with well-prepared weapons. Forthwith the gates were thrown open, but when they pressed forward to enter they were met with a sharp shower of arrows, and all the crowd rushed upon them, heaping strokes on every side, and letting arrows fly as thick as hail. And when the queen saw Sir Turpin fighting furiously, and laying many of her maidens low to avenge himself, she was inflamed with fury, and flew at him like a lioness. She dealt such a furious stroke at his helmet that he was thrown to the ground, so stunned that he could see nothing. Then she leapt to him, and planting her foot on his neck would have slain him outright had not Arthegall seen his danger, left the slaughter, and rushed to his redress. He gave the Amazon such a blow that, had she not partly warded it, it had been fatal to her; as it was, it made her stagger, and stare with a ghastly eye. As soon as she recovered her scattered senses, she fiercely rushed towards him, half mad with wrath and disdainful pride, for she had never suffered such a check before; but before she reached him her warlike maids had got between, and they were

separated in the fight, which went on furious and fast. Talus ran about everywhere, breaking the bows with his flail, so that the Amazons did not dare to come near him, but aimed at him from a distance.

By this time night came on, and the sky was overcast, so the bold Radigund caused the trumpet to be sounded, and gathering her people to the city gate, made them all enter, and saw that all the weak and wounded were carried in, before she retired herself. Then the gates were barred, and the battle-field left empty. Arthegall, wearied with his toil and travel, caused his rich pavilion to be set up in open view before the gate, and retired therein with Sir Turpin, while Talus kept watch all night for fear of treachery.

But Radigund's haughty spirit could not endure the rebuke she had received that day, and she could take no rest, but revolved in her mind how she might revenge herself. At last she determined to meet this proud champion in single fight, and not behold her people slaughtered as they had been this day. So she called a trusty maiden to her, named Clarinda, whom she judged best fitted for her purpose, and said—

“Go, damsel, quickly address thyself to this message. Go to that stranger knight, and tell him I will fight him to-morrow, in an equal field, on these terms—If I vanquish him, he shall obey my laws, and be bound to me for ever; the same shall be on my side, if he conquers me. Go at once, and take as witnesses six of your companions in best array. And take with you wine and juncates, and bid him eat—henceforth he shall often sit hungry.”

Clarinda instantly obeyed, and putting all in readiness, went to the town gate, and sounded a trumpet from the wall. Then Talus came fearlessly out of the pavilion, and took his way to the battlements, to ask what the signal meant. The damsel called loudly to him, that she desired to

speak with his lord. So he conducted them to the tent, where Arthegall greeted them courteously, and having heard their message, agreed to the terms. Then he gave them many gifts, and having fairly entertained them, sent them back, whilst he returned to rest to be fresh for the next day's fight.

As soon as the day dawned preparations for the combat began. A number of Amazons came out of the city and pitched a stately pavilion for the queen. They also measured the ground and erected the lists; and having seen that all was in order, they retired, and the city gates were shut.

Meanwhile, Arthegall and the queen were attiring themselves with due splendour. The knight donned his polished armour, and the queen was arrayed in a *camis*, or light robe, of purple silk woven with silver, lined with quilted white satin, and adorned with different coloured ribbons. It descended to the ground, but for convenience in the fight was looped up, and over it she wore a *habergeon*, or coat of mail. She then put on painted buskins, sewed with gold bands, with plates of mail between and laced in front. Her scimitar was fastened on her side by an embroidered belt, and her shield hung on her shoulder, with its boss, or middle, decked with glittering stones. Thus attired, she came out of the city with stately port, and proud magnificence, guarded with many damsels playing on shawms and trumpets, and went into her tent. Then Arthegall came out, and entered the lists; and soon after, she appeared, and took her place at the other end. The lists were then closed, to hinder the crowd pressing in who circled all round about in great numbers, eager to behold the battle.

The trumpets sounded, and forth they rushed. The queen, at the first encounter, flew upon Arthegall with furious rage, but he defended himself

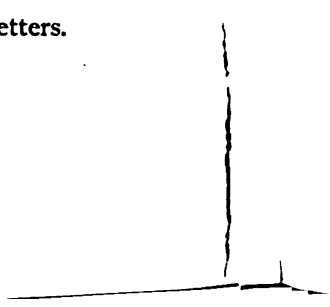
right well; she hewed and thrust, and laid strokes on every side, but he stood firm. At last her power began to fail, though her courage increased, which Arthegall perceiving, set fiercely upon her, and heaped so many blows that flakes of fire flashed from her armour, and one would have thought her to be all on fire; yet she defended herself somewhat with her shield. But he, with a trenchant stroke, shaved off half of her buckler; upon which she, with redoubled fury, drew her scimitar and stabbed him in the side. Then, seeing the blood flow, she began to triumph, and boasted with spiteful speeches. So he, with great indignation, gave her a fearful stroke which shattered her shield to pieces. Having thus disarmed her, he struck again on her helmet, so that she fell senseless upon the field. Then he sprang forward and unlaced the casque, thinking to strike off her head. When he discovered her fair countenance he was filled with admiration and pity, and threw away his sword; for there is no hand so cruel, or heart so hard, but pity for beauty will soften it.

Whilst he stood gazing she recovered from her fainting fit, and starting up, she looked around her confused, like one wakened from a dream. But as soon as she espied the knight standing by weaponless, she rushed on him with fresh fury, and though he retired backward, the fiercer she pursued him. He kept off her strokes as well as he could with his shield, and then he desired her to stay her strokes and he would yield; but she would not hearken or let him breathe till he had delivered up his buckler to her and submitted himself. So he was overcome, yet not by her, but of his own accord; for by throwing away his weapon he wilfully lost all that he had attained. Then she struck him with the flat of her sword, in token that he was now her vassal. And then she ordered her maidens to go into his pavilion and fetch Turpin, who, being brought, she caused straightway to be led off, and hanged at the gibbet where Arthegall

had met him. Next, they tried to lay hands on Talus, but he began to thunder on them with his iron flail, so that they dared not touch him, but were glad to let him march away. But he never made a single attempt to rescue his own lord, for he thought it just to let him bide the issue of the combat, according to the terms agreed upon.

Queen Radigund then took her prisoner and caused him to be stripped of all his armour, and arrayed in women's clothes, putting a white apron on him; and being thus clad, she led him into a long large chamber, the ceiling of which was covered with the arms of many knights whom she had subdued. She caused his armour to be hung up there, and broke his sword in two. The room was filled with a long row of knights, many of whom he knew right well, all spinning and carding, and forced to continue their toil; for nothing was given them for dinner or supper but what they earned by twisting linen twine. Arthegall was placed at the end of the row, and given a distaff; and much as he loathed his condition, he felt himself bound to obey, by his agreement, and to do what the queen willed. So there he dwelt a long while, sad and galled in heart, but faithfully and silently performing his toil.

After a time Radigund took a secret liking to him, and sent Clarinda, one of her trusted damsels, to find out whether he might be brought to care for her. And that Clarinda might have free access to him, she gave her a ring which was a token to Eumenias, the guardian of the prisoners, to let her in and out. But Clarinda only worked mischief, for she loved this fairy knight herself, and desired not that he should be betrothed to Radigund. So she always told the queen that Arthegall could not be brought to listen to any of her offers and conditions, whereupon Radigund grew enraged, and increased his hardships, giving him more labour, a bed of straw, and cold iron fetters.



Then she said to the knight that the cruelty of her mistress increased, but that she would try to devise some means to enlarge him. Thus Arthegall was kept in thralldom, beloved by both, but little befriended.

In the mean time Talus set forth on his way home, to inform Britomart of his master's captivity. The time he had fixed for his return was now passed, and the maiden had become anxious and troubled in heart. Sometimes she thought some mishap had befallen him, sometimes that he had been betrayed by some treacherous foe, or that he had been beguiled away by some new love, though she was loth to think ill of him, but yet she felt some jealous fear. To soothe her grief, she feigned to count the time again, and reckoned it by days and months instead of hours and weeks, to make it seem shorter. Then she wished to send some one to seek him, but could find no one so fit for that purpose as herself. Sometimes she purposed to search for him among wandering knights, or in the bowers of fair ladies; and thus with many thoughts she vexed her mind.

One day, when wandering up and down the castle where she dwelt, she came to a window which looked towards the west, which was the way her love had gone, and there she stood, looking out, and wishing she could send her winged thoughts in messages to him. After a long time, she spied a person coming with speed over the plains, and as he drew nearer she thought that he seemed like Talus; whereupon her heart was filled with hope and dread, and she hurried forth to meet him in the doorway. Then she began:—

“Where is thy lord, and how far from hence? Declare at once; and hath he lost, or won?”

The iron man, though without feeling, yet quaked with conscience of his ill news, and stood mute, till she said again—

"Talus, be bold, and tell whatever it be, good or bad."

Then he answered, "The sad tidings must, I see, be told. My lord, your love, by hard mishap, is lying in wretched bondage."

"Alas me," quoth she, "and is he vanquished by his tyrant enemy?"

"Not by that tyrant whom he went to fight," said Talus, "but by a tyranness, who has captured him."

"Cease, thou bad newsman," said she, angrily: "I can easily divine the rest."

With that she turned away enraged, unheeding the rest which he was proceeding to tell her, and went to her chamber. There she bitterly complained about her knight for being so untrue, and often blamed herself for having plighted her hand, when she had known him so little. Then she thought to be revenged, and resolved to fight with him and die, and walked up and down her chamber with disquiet steps. Sometimes she threw herself upon her couch and lamented, yet not with a loud voice as women are wont, but with only a few deep sighs and sobs. At last she returned to Talus, and asked him more mildly what was the cause of Arthegall's delay, what he did, and whether he was loving or beloved.

"Well-a-day," said the iron man, "he is not in a state to woo, but is lying in wretched thralldom, not by strong hand, but by his own doom."

"Did I not say," said she, "that there is a compact between you two to deceive me, since he was not overcome in fight?"

Then Talus began to tell her all in order, while she listened to the end, often with wrath and grief; and when he had rehearsed everything, she waited not to answer him, but donned her armour, mounted her steed, and bade Talus lead the way to the city Radegone. She rode sadly along, neither speaking nor looking to right or left, but devising how she might take vengeance upon that proud queen who had thrown her lord into

captivity. About eventide she came up to a knight very modestly clad, riding slowly across the plains, who greeted her very courteously; and she, though she would rather have kept silence, yet answered him graciously. Thereupon he began to talk of many things, to which she answered but little, for her mind was occupied on other thoughts. He, after a time, besought her, since dampness and darkness were coming on, to lodge with him that night. The championess agreed to this, and in a short time they arrived at his dwelling, where he entertained them with great hospitality, and set good cheer before them. At night Britomart was led to a bower, or turret, where grooms waited to take off her armour; but she refused, saying she had made a vow not to doff these arms till she had wrought revenge upon a certain mortal foe. At this the host seemed very discontented; however, he took leave of her, and retired.

All the night Britomart remained restless and watchful, now sitting still, now pacing up and down her chamber, thinking of Arthegall. And Talus lay outside of her door, like a faithful spaniel. Suddenly, at the first crowing of the cock, she heard a strange noise in the hall below, and immediately the bed, on which she should have been lying, fell through a trap-door into a lower room, and by-and-by was raised again as before. Britomart perceived the treason which was meant, but calmly kept her place, waiting to see what would ensue. Soon she heard a noise of armed men coming upstairs to her chamber, upon which she seized her sword and shield, and stood prepared. Two armed knights appeared at the door, followed by a rascally crowd, all carrying weapons; but as soon as Talus spied them by the glimmering light, he started up, seized his flail, and laid about him with such fury that they all fled. He chased them down stairs, wherever he could discover them, so that they lay here and there like scattered sheep, and then returned to his lady. They

resolved to wait till morning before taking vengeance on the treachery of their host.

As soon as day dawned they went down and searched all the rooms, but could find no one—all were fled; so they left the house. The name of their deceitful entertainer was Dolon. He had three sons, crafty as himself, the eldest of whom, Guizor, had been slain by Arthegall. Dolon, when he met Britomart, supposed her to be Arthegall, chiefly on account of the iron page, and therefore devised her death. She had not ridden far on her way before she came to the bridge where Arthegall fought with Pollenté, and there, on the planks, she saw the two brethren of Guizor waiting for her. As she advanced, they shouted, "Recreant false traitor, the darkness of the night shall defend thee no longer, but thy blood shall now appease the spright of the slain Guizor."

She wondered what they meant, but galloped forward, and would not listen to Talus, who asked leave to drive away the opposers. One she bore upon her spear till she reached the further end of the bridge, where he fell off; and the other she tossed into the river, over the edge.

After some days' journey Britomart arrived at the Temple of Isis, where she resolved to pass a night; but Talus was not allowed to enter. She was courteously received by a number of priests, attired in lincn robes hemmed with silver, and wearing above their flowing locks rich mitres, shaped like the moon, the emblem of Isis. They led her into the building, which was filled with stately pillars adorned with shining gold, and had a high arched roof overhead. After passing through many halls they approached the statue of the goddess, which was framed of silver and clothed in lincn garments, fringed with silver twist. On her head was a crown of gold, to show that she had power in celestial things. At her feet a crocodile lay, enfolded about with its own wreathed tail. The

goddess stood with one foot resting on the animal, the other on the ground, to show that she could suppress open force and forged guile, and in her hand she stretched forth a long slender white wand. Britomart prostrated herself before the image, whereupon the idol, with amiable look, inclined her wand toward her. This the championess took as a sign of good fortune, and now, perceiving that the night was coming on, unlaced her helmet, and laid herself down to sleep by the side of the altar, under the wings of Isis.

Whilst the tired Britomart was thus enjoying sweet rest, she had a wondrous vision or dream. She thought that she was assisting at a sacrifice, attired like the priests in linen stole and jewelled mitre, when suddenly her garment was changed to a robe of scarlet, and her mitre to a crown of gold. Next, in her dream, a hideous tempest seemed to blow through the building, and scatter all the embers from the altar, which, bursting into flames, put the temple into great jeopardy. Then the great crocodile which slept under the idol awoke, and being troubled with the storm, gaped his enormous jaws and devoured the flames, swallowing them up. Being swollen with pride, he next threatened to devour Britomart, but the goddess struck him with her rod, whereupon he became gentle and lay at her feet.

Britomart awoke, and was much troubled by this vision, for she knew not what it portended. So she remained unquiet, and musing upon it until she saw the sun high in the heavens; then she rose, and went into the lower parts of the temple, where she found the priests busy about their holy things. They saluted her graciously, but they perceived that she was melancholy and pensive, whereupon the greatest and gravest one of them inquired the cause of her sadness. The championess took courage, and related to him the whole of the vision. He heard her to the end with great astonishment, stiffly staring upon her, and then, with his long locks

standing on end, like one awed by some dreadful sprite, he broke forth into prophecy, and declared to her the meaning of the dream.

“Magnificke virgin,” said he, “thou hast hidden thy royal lineage under quaint British arms, but all is known to the immortal gods. They see thy sire lamenting sore for thee, and thy love captive in women's thraldom. In this dream they have discovered to thee the end of all the long event. The crocodile doth represent thy faithful knight. He shall assuage all the storms which many foes shall raise to hinder thee from possessing the heritage of thy father's crown. Thou shalt take him for thy lord, and both shall reign together : therefore, have joy of thy dream.”

When the championess heard these words, which agreed so well with the prophecy of Merlin, she rejoiced greatly, and bestowed rich reward upon the priests. She also gave costly presents of wrought gold and silver to the goddess. This done, she took leave of them, and set forward on her way, nor did she rest till she came to the country of the Amazons. She directed her course straight to the royal city Radegone, which she reached in the evening. She caused her tent to be pitched outside of the gates, and Talus watched at the door of it all night.

The news of this was soon brought to Queen Radigund, who was filled with joy, for she had not been in any combats for a long time. She ordered her people to open the gates that she might see her new foe ; but when they told her that the iron man was there, who slew so many of her folk before, she changed her mind, and ordered that all should be shut. The townspeople kept good watch and ward all night, and the next morning, at daybreak, the queen ordered a trumpet to be sounded loud and shrill, to warn her foe. But Britomart was ready for battle, having awoke long before, for she was too eager to deliver Arthegall to be able to sleep. In a short time the queen issued forth, and found her enemy

awaiting her. Before the combat began, the Amazon proposed the same terms which she laid down to Turpin, Arthegall, and all her other foes. But the Briton princess frowned sternly, and commanded that the trumpets should sound, for she would never be tied by any other terms than those prescribed in the laws of chivalry.

The signal was given; they rushed forth like a lioness and tigress, and fought with such fury that all the grass was discoloured with blood. Neither sought to shun the other's strokes, but dealt blows with their falchions furiously and hard. At last the proud Radigund, seeing an advantage, let drive at Britomart with all her might, scornfully saying, "Take this token to the man whom you love, and tell him you gave your life for his sake." The tremendous stroke fell upon her shoulder-plate, and wounded her so that she could scarcely hold her shield. But she soon requited it, for her strength being increased by pain, she smote Radigund on the helmet so heavily that she fell to the ground. Then, before the Amazon could rise, the championess stayed not, but with one stroke cleft her head from her shoulders.

When her warlike train saw this dreadful sight, they were filled with horror, and fled to the town as fast as they could go. But Talus rushed forth, and pressing on with them, entered with the crowd, and pushed through the gate. Then he began a hideous slaughter of all that came near him, wielding his iron flail, and felling them to the ground.

In the midst of the uproar the conqueress herself came up, and when she saw the heaps of dead carcasses, she felt some pity, in spite of her vow of revenge, so she ordered him to slacken his fury. Then she asked where was the prison, and hastily went to it. Talus broke open the door, and she entered with indignant wrath. There was the long row of prisoners, all in women's attire, at their work. She hurried through

them till she came to her own dear lord, and then, grieved at his wretched plight, she turned her head aside, and well believed all that Talus had told her. Being distressed at his misfortunes, she set herself to comfort him, and led him into a bower, where she bid him rest, whilst she ordered other raiment to be sought for. A great store was found, and a quantity of bright armour which the Amazon had taken from different knights. In some of this Arthegall was clad, and came forth with his former appearance, to the joy of Britomart, though he was somewhat worn with captivity.

They remained a short time in the city, whilst they changed the form of government, and took away the liberty of the women. For they made all those knights who had been kept in thralldom magistrates of the city, and caused them to swear fealty to Arthegall, and altered all the former state of things.

Arthegall, being now recovered, set out once more on his adventure against the tyrant Grantorto, which he had undertaken for Gloriana. Britomart was very sorrowful at his departure, but she repressed her grief, for his honour was concerned in the success of that undertaking. So she made no womanish complaints, but bade him a gentle farewell for a time. After he was gone, she continued a little longer at Radegone, till, hoping that change of air and place would lessen her sorrow, she also departed, and returned to the castle where she formerly waited for him.

It was not long before Arthegall (who brought Talus with him) fell in with Prince Arthur, and helped him to rescue a damsel from two Paynims who were chasing her through a wood. They inquired of her whence she came, and what her name was. She answered, that she was called Samient, and served a great and noble queen, named Mercilla. That this queen was hated and feared by a wicked sultan and his wife,

Adicia, whose dominions adjoined her own. The queen, to end all the strife, and the spoiling of her good knights, sent Samient with a message of friendship to the Sultana Adicia. But she reviled her and railed upon her, and thrust her out of doors with bitter names; and not content with this, she sent two of her knights to pursue her, and bring her back as a prisoner, when she was happily rescued by the knights.

No sooner had they heard this story than they resolved to take vengeance on the sultan, and for this end they devised a plan, which they instantly executed. Arthegall took off his own armour, and arrayed himself in that of one of the Pagan knights. He next took the damsel Samient with him as his captive. She guided him to the city of the sultan, and when they approached towards it, the sultanness, who lay looking from her lattice, saw them coming, and immediately thought it was her own knight. She sent a page to him, who offered his service to disarm him; but Arthegall refused, in case he should be discovered, and shut up his captive in an apartment of the palace.

Shortly after, Prince Arthur arrived before the gates, and sent a bold defiance to the sultan, requiring of him that damsel of Queen Mercilla's whom he wrongfully kept prisoner. The sultan was filled with fury, and swearing blasphemously, instantly commanded his armour to be brought, and mounted his high chariot. It was armed with dreadful iron wheels and hooks, and drawn by cruel steeds, which he had fed with the flesh of men he had slaughtered. So he came forth, clad in a coat of mail burnished with bloody rust, while the British prince awaited him on the green, in his bright glistening armour, with Talus at his stirrup, as a page. They flew to the combat with equal fierceness, but different motives; for the proud sultan sought only slaughter and vengeance, the prince did battle for honour and right, against lawless power, and trusted more in

the truth of his cause than in his strength. The sultan thought either to tear the prince to pieces by the wheels of his chariot, or to trample him under the feet of his fierce horses. But the bold childe saw that peril well, and did not rashly draw near to the chariot, but gave way to the speedy flying of the steeds. The Pagan, as he passed, threw a dart with such force that if Arthur had not shunned it he or his horse would have been transfix'd to the ground. The prince often advanced to the chariot, to endeavour to strike his foe, but he was mounted so high in his seat, and his fleet coursers bore him so fast, that always before the prince could advance his spear the sultan was far gone. Still the prince followed him everywhere, and was in turn chased by him. The combat grew more and more furious. The Pagan threw another dart, which pierced Arthur's cuirass and wounded him in the side. The prince grew enraged, but whenever he approached the chariot the wheels with their hooks whirled round, and the savage steeds pursued him with such ravenous fury, that his own good horse, though renowned for noble courage, durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place. At last the prince drew the vail from his shield, and coming full before the horses of his enemy, thrust it before them as they pressed upon him. Like a flash of lightning that burns the gazer, it dismayed them, they turned upon themselves, and ran away with the chariot. In vain the sultan tried to stay them with reins or rule; they flew as fast as their feet could carry them, past the course, over hills, and rushing down into the dales, at headlong speed. The Pagan bann'd and swore, and hauled at the reins with both hands, calling and speaking to them, but they heeded him not. Through woods, rocks, and mountains, they dashed, tossing their master from side to side, while the prince pursued him fast, but could not come up to him. At last the chariot was quite overthrown, and the Pagan torn to pieces among the

hooks and the grapples. The prince took the broken shield and armour of his enemy, and brought them away, as a token of the tyrant's end. He caused them to be hung on a tree before the palace door.

When the Sultanness Adicia saw them being put up, she was much appalled, yet she fainted not, nor gave way to grief, but gathered her troubled thoughts, and began to devise how she might be avenged. She ran downstairs with a knife in her hand, meaning first to wreak vengeance on the prisoner. But Arthegall, who was guarding the damsel, caught the weapon from her and pushed her away. On this, distracted with rage and fury, she rushed out at a postern door, and ran into the woods, to deplore her misfortunes. There, men say, she was transformed into a tigress, and surpassed that beast, indeed, in cruelties and outrage.

Meanwhile, Arthegall discovered himself, and assaulted the followers of the sultan, putting to flight a hundred of his renowned captains, and chasing them like wild goats. Then he caused the gates to be opened wide, and the prince to be triumphantly entertained, presenting him with the rich array and royal pomp which had been gathered there. This done, they both stayed not long in the palace, but taking Samient with them, set out to conduct her to the country of her mistress, Queen Mercilla.

As they rode, they talked of various matters, and the damsel told them of a strange adventure, which lay not far from thence. It was a wicked villain, who she knew lived in a rock hard by, and plundered all the country round, bringing home the pillage, where none could get it. She said his own wiliness, and the strength of his dwelling-place, gave him great advantage. He was very crafty, light of hand, and nimble in pace. He was very smooth tongued, and often deceived any one looking in his countenance. His name was Malengine, and he was well known for his treachery and guile. "The rock," she continued, "in which he dwells, is

wondrous strong, and hewn underground to a great depth. Some do say that it reaches to hell. How that may be, I know not, but it is full of windings and hidden ways, so that scarcely even a hound could track him through it."

The knights listened, and asked her to show them his dwelling.

"I would guide you to it," said she, "but that I know it will hinder your coming to the presence of my royal mistress."

"Do not let that hinder you," said they; "for we will not stir a foot from hence till we have seized that villain."

When the damsel heard this, she guided them to the place, and she soon espied the carle near at hand. The knights, agreeably to a plan they had fixed upon, sent her on first, and ordered her to sit outside of the den, wailing and making a pitiful uproar, whilst they should lie in wait, and seize Malengine after he had come out to ensnare her. The damsel went straight to the den, and throwing herself on the ground, began to weep and wail, as if in great grief. The noise soon reached the cave, and the grisly villain crept out, in hopes of some new prey. He had long, curly, shaggy locks hanging over his shoulder, an uncouth vestment of strange stuff, all torn and ragged, and eyes deep set in his head. In his hand he carried a huge, long staff, whose top was armed with iron hooks, and on his back was a wide net, with which he caught his prey. He came creeping along, ever looking behind him, and the damsel, when she saw such an ugly creature near her, was afraid, and shrieked for help in real earnest. Then Malengine began to persuade her with soft words not to be afraid, and with a sardonian smile began to lay his baits to beguile her. As a fowler charms the birds with pleasant lays on his pipe, while he lays his nets for their ruin, so he showed her many pleasant tricks to turn her eyes from his intent, for he knew all the

mysteries of legerdemain. Then suddenly he threw his net on her, which overspread her like a puff of wind, and snatching her up, flew as fast as he could with her, screaming, to his cave. But when he found the armed knights stopping his passage, he threw her down, and fled.

The prince kept the entrance, and Arthegall pursued the traitor. He ran up the rock, and flew like a wild goat, leaping from hill to hill, and dancing on the craggy cliffs, where the armed knight could not follow him. So he sent Talus, who pursued him wherever he went, over rock, hill, and dale. He forced him to descend to level ground, and there the villain began to leave his own shape, and take other forms. He turned himself into a fox, and was hunted by Talus; then he transformed himself to a bush, but Talus beat it with his flail till it changed into a bird and flew from tree to tree. The iron man picked up stones, and threw so many at Malengine that, to avoid discovery, he changed into a stone, and fell on the ground. But Talus ran up and took it in his hand, and gave it to Sir Arthegall, warning him to hold it fast. While he was griping it hard, it changed into a hedgehog, and pricked him so that he threw it away. Then it ran off, and in a few minutes changed into Malengine's own shape, but Talus ran after him and dragged him back. Immediately he turned into a snake, and slipped from his grasp; but the iron page took his flail and beat him to dust, as small as sand; so deceit failed the deceiver at last, and they left him for beasts and fowls to feed upon.

Shortly after, they arrived with Samient at the court, and beheld a stately palace, much greater than she had described, with many towers and terraces, their tops glittering with gold. The magnificent porch stood wide open day and night, yet it was guarded well by one of giantlike stature, named Awe. They passed him, and went up the hall, which was a large, wide room, filled with people making a troublous din. As they

were getting through the press, the marshal came up to them, named Order, and commanded the clamours to cease. They entered at the screen, and were guided by degrees into the presence of the sovereign. She sat on high, that she might be seen of all, upon a bright throne of gold, adorned with gems of endless price, and all embossed with lions and fleur-de-lys. A cloth of state was spread over her, with beams of light, as it were, glittering in the folds, and shooting forth streams of silver, among which little angels crept, seeming to uphold the robe on their purple wings. Thus she sat in sovereign majesty, holding a sceptre in her royal hand, and round about stood a bevy of fair virgins clad in white. Before her lay a huge lion, bound with a strong iron chain and collar. The two knights did homage to her, and she received with a gracious countenance, though tempered with imperial majesty.

At the time they arrived she was dispensing justice to her people, and being willing that the knights should view the proceedings, she took them up to the stately throne, and allowed one to stand on either side of her. Then was brought in as prisoner a lady of high degree and rare beauty, though marring it by foul abuse; yet she allured the compassion of the people. She was accused of many heinous crimes and treasons, and brought to receive her doom. And her accuser, Zeal, brought many witnesses: the old hag Até, who, glad to vent her spite, laid bare all her plots and hidden trains; and Murder, with a bloody knife, charged her with guilty bloodshed; and Sedition accused her of causing strife. For she was none other than the false Duessa, who had brought so many good knights to ruin and death, and endangered the lives of so many more by her treacheries, and now had conspired against Mercilla, to take away her crown and life. Therefore she was judged worthy of death, which sentence was delivered by the queen. But this compassionate princess,



THE QUEEN AND THE TWO KNIGHTS.

though she could not change the course of justice, pitied her wilful fall, and ordered the last honours to be paid to her wretched corpse.

The knights spent a few days at this court, entertained with goodly cheer by the queen; and then, being well refreshed, they parted company, and set out to continue their quests.* Arthegall met an aged wight, who had long foregone the use of arms, through his great age, but whom, as he approached, he knew well to be an old warrior who attended on the princess Irena when she came to Fairy Court to ask for aid.

“Hail, Sir Sergis!” said he. “How is thy lady? Is she still deprived of her crown by the tyrant Grantorto? Or does she not live?”

The old man answered: “She still lives, but is captive to the tyrant. She trusted to your promise, that ye would come to the Savage Island, and combat with Grantorto for trial of her right. So she came there at the appointed time, and being surprised by treachery, was brought to Grantorto, and imprisoned by him. He has appointed a day, and declared, that if no champion appears for her, she shall surely die.”

At these tidings Sir Arthegall was greatly abashed, and grieved to think that through his delay she had fallen into the hands of her oppressor.

“Now, by my life,” said he, “I am to blame for that fair maid; but I myself was thrown into thralldom, and kept from accomplishing my faith. But tell me, Sir Sergis, how long has he allowed her to provide a champion?”

“Ten days of grace,” quoth he; “for he thinks she can get tidings to none by that time. And he guards all the shores by the sea, so that none may arrive, and deems her already lost.”

* The episode of Prince Arthur and Gerionco is omitted, as the incidents, a fight with a giant and a monster, are without novelty.

"Now, turn with me," said Arthegall; "and if I live these ten days, assure yourself she shall have aid."

So they rode on together. On their way they found a whole crew of Grantorto's followers, who had taken away a lady, named Flourdelis, from her knight Sir Burbon, and enticed her with golden gifts to come to the tyrant. Burbon was fighting single-handed with the rout when the knights came up, but forgetful of the rules of chivalry, he basely threw away his shield, which was battered to pieces. The huge rabble no sooner perceived the strangers approach, than they set on them, also, with increased fury; but Talus laid about him with his flail, and scattered them like chaff. Then Burbon came up to thank the knights, and Arthegall questioned him as to who he was, and what he fought for. When he had told him, "Why," said he, "have you thrown away your own good shield? It is the greatest disgrace that can happen to any knight, to lose the badge that displays his deeds."

Sir Burbon blushed for shame, and answered that he was dubbed a knight by the Red Cross knight, who gave him a shield on which his own badge, a red cross, was embossed. "With this," said he, "I fought many battles, and often even with Grantorto; but as many envied that shield, and my enemies increased, I have thrown it aside, thinking that perhaps I may better get my love if I abandon it. And when time serves, I may resume it again, and thus only have temporized for advantage."

"Fie on such forgery!" said Arthegall. "Knights should be true, and truth is one in all."

"Yet let me request you, out of courtesy to assist me against these peasants," said Burbon, "that my love may be freed from their hands."

Arthegall agreed, and set on the troop with all his power. They

assaulted the knights with a terrible outcry, brandishing their bills and glaives; but the knights met them sturdily, and subdued their captains, while Talus dispersed the baser sort. Then the knights came to where the lady stood, and Burbon, dismounting from his steed, ran up to her with great joy, and would have embraced her. But she, with disdainful wrath repulsed him, and would not listen to him. The knights reproached her for her faithlessness, and for being enticed by golden gifts to a stranger's love. She was abashed, and found nothing to answer, but hung her head. Whereupon Burbon lifted her on his steed, she making no resistance, and rode away. Meanwhile, Talus still pursued the rabble, driving them on, till Arthegall ordered him to cease.

They soon reached the sea-shore, and there, by good fortune, they found a ship ready to put off. They agreed with the mariners that they should take them where they ordered, for a due reward. The wind and weather were so favourable, that in one day they reached the Savage Isle, where they found a martial host of men drawn up in battle array, who forbade them to land. But they, without obeying, guided the vessel near the shore; Talus sprang out, ran through the shallow waves, and heedless of their darts and stones, chased the troops away. Arthegall and Sergis then descended, and marched forward to the town.

By this time tidings came to Grantorto, who was much enraged that he had not encountered them on the shore. But he collected an army, and set out to meet them. A great slaughter of his men was made by Talus, who battered down both man and horse, till the ground was scattered over with dead bodies. Arthegall, seeing how he raged, commanded him to cease, and made signs of truce. Then he called a herald, and bid him tell the tyrant that he came not to make such slaughter, but to try fair Irena's cause in single fight; and, moreover, he

desired him to call back his people and appoint a convenient time and place in which they two might combat.

Grantorto was right glad to hear this message, and appointed the next day. He then caused the trumpets to sound a retreat, and all the troops marched off. He gave strict orders that no one should entertain or lodge Sir Arthegall, so none durst disobey him, though many would have fain done so, for love of fair Irena. But the good knight pitched his tent on the open plain, and old Sergis purveyed things from friends who dared not appear.

The next day was that which had been fixed for Irena's death. The sad lady, who knew not the tidings of Arthegall's arrival, thought, when the morning broke, that it was her last hour. She put on her most wretched garments, and came forth to meet her doom; but at the place she found Arthegall, attired for battle and waiting his foe, which removed her deadly fear. Like a tender rose that hangs withered, and revives when a few drops of rain fall, such was the countenance of Irena when she saw a deliverer at hand.

At last the tyrant came into the field, armed in a coat of iron plates, and looking proud and fearless. A steel cap of a rusty brown colour was on his head, and in his hand a pole-axe with a short handle studded with iron nails. He was a man of high stature, with an ugly and stern countenance, and very stout and strong. When he saw Arthegall he grinned with a grisly look, and brandished his deadly weapon. But the knight was not the least quelled, but calmly buckled himself to the fight.

The trumpets sounded, they rushed forward, and the tyrant heaped so many deadly blows with his axe that they rived the steel, and would have slain the knight in a short time, had he not perceived the cruel outrage, and shunned the strokes; still, he received many gaping wounds. When

he saw a fit advantage, and the felon raised his arm to strike him mortally, he sprang forward and stabbed him in the side. But the huge stroke came down with mighty force; whereupon Arthegall interposed his shield, and saved himself. The axe stuck so fast in the shield (so heavily it fell) that Grantorto could not pull it out. He strove some time, dragging the knight about, as the latter would not leave hold of his buckler, yet he could not undo it. Arthegall perceiving this, let go the shield, and while Grantorto tried to pull it off his weapon, drove at him with his bright sword Chrysaor. Then, smiting him again with all his might, he overturned him on the plain, and lightly reft off his head.

When the people saw this, they shouted for joy at the tyrant's fall, for he had long oppressed them. All ran to fair Irena, and did homage to her as their lawful sovereign, and then sounded the praises of her champion. He went up to her, and with due majesty led her to the palace, and established her peaceably therein. All persons who had maintained and aided the tyrant he punished severely, so that in a short time none were left but those who were faithful to her crown. Talus, who could reveal all hidden crimes, was sent through the realm to search out those who robbed and stole, and all rebels against lawful government. But before all could be thoroughly reformed, Arthegall was obliged to return to Fairy Court to give an account of his enterprise. So, having freed Irena from distress, and restored her to her kingdom, he took leave, and departed with Talus.

When he had crossed the sea again, he found on the shore two old, ill-favoured hags sitting by the wayside. Their faces were foul and filthy, and their garments ragged. The elder always looked askew with her dull eyes, and her long hair hung loosely down. She was lean and thin, and her lips blue; her hands had never been washed in all her life, and

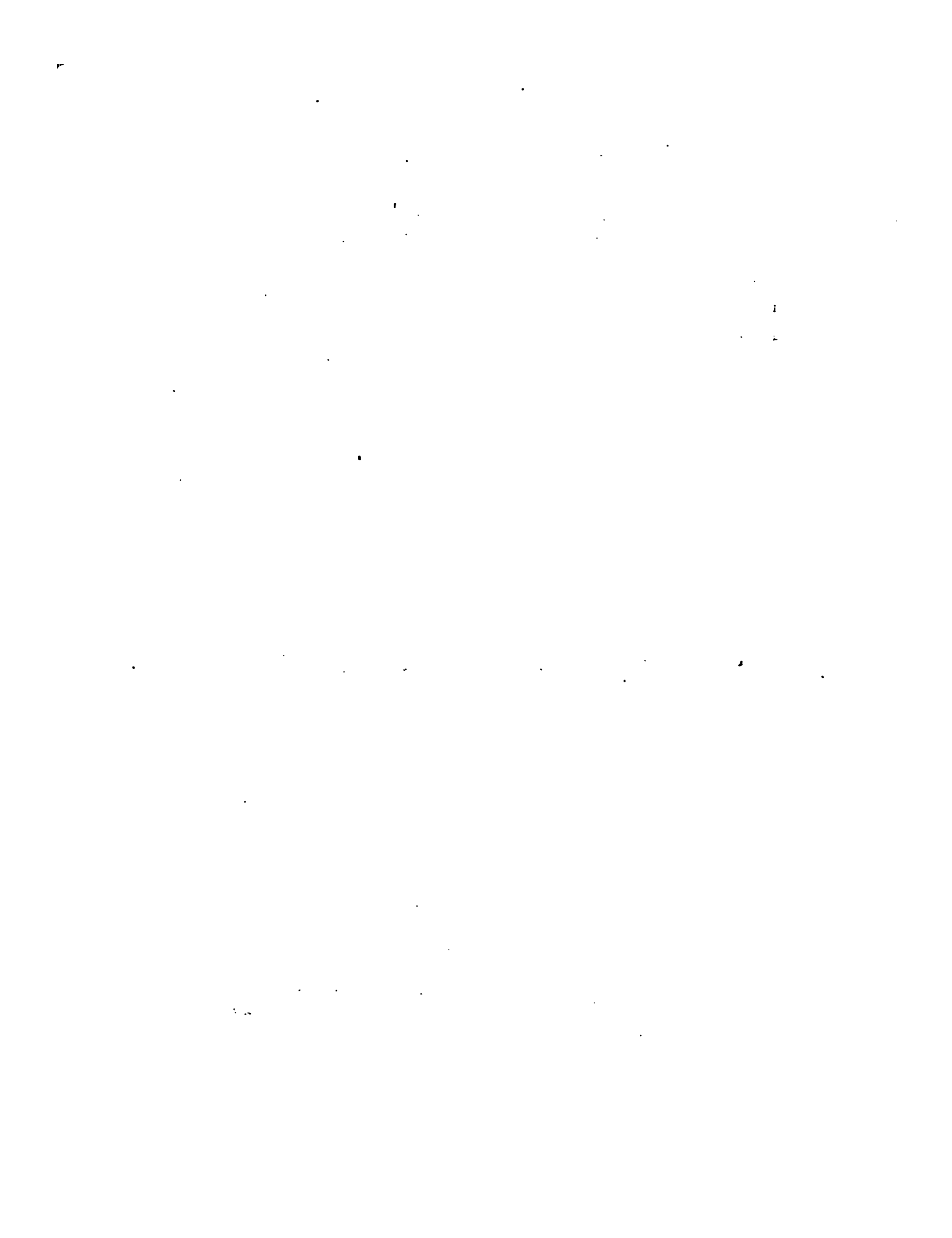
her nails were like eagles' claws. She held a venomous snake, which she was devouring. Her name was Envy, and when she heard of any good tidings, she would tear her hair with spite and rage; but if any one did ill or came to harm, she made great cheer, as if she had gained much thereby. The other was even more wicked; for Envy only harmed herself, but this hag, named Detraction, laboured to take away men's good name. If she heard any ill, she increased it, and published it everywhere; and when she heard of any good, she misconstrued it, blotted it with blame, and slanderously upbraided. She went to all common haunts, to hear what might be said, and turn it to ill. Her mouth was distorted, and foaming with poison. Her tongue was like an asp's sting. She carried a distaff, with which she weaved false tales and teasings, to throw among the good which others had spread.

These two hags were next neighbours, and had combined against Arthegall. They had brought with them the Blatant Beast, a dreadful monster abhorred by gods and men. When they saw the knight they ran towards him, and as he rode by, Envy took the serpent half gnawed, in which some life yet remained, and threw it at him, so that it bit him, and the mark was long seen. And the other hag reviled and railed on him, saying he had stained the sword of justice with cruelty and guiltless blood of innocents, and that he had surprised Grantorto by treachery, and foully slain him. Then the Blatant Beast, set on by them, began to bark and bay till the rocks and woods quaked, and the air rebellowed again with the noise of his hundred tongues; and evermore the hags urged him on and yelled themselves, throwing words steeped in poison.

But Arthegall rode slowly on, and seemed to take no heed of them, and when Talus asked leave to chase them with the flail, he forbade him. For this they scolded the more, and threw stones at him, yet he swerved

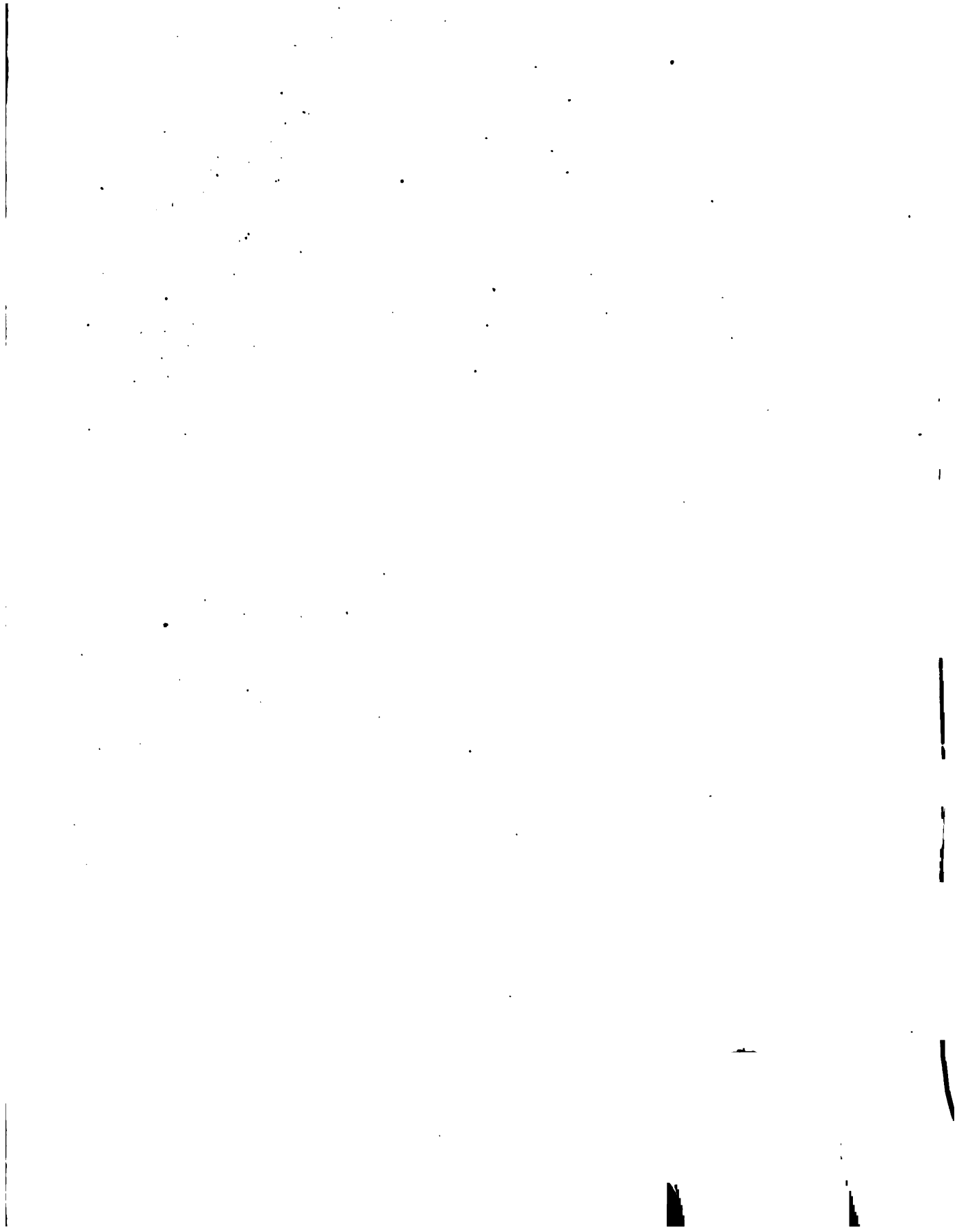
not from his course, but rode steadily on his way to the court of Fairyland, where, when he arrived, he was received with all honour by Queen Gloriana, and with great joy by his bride, the fair Britomart, with whom he returned to her father's kingdom, and accomplished the prophecies that had been foretold.



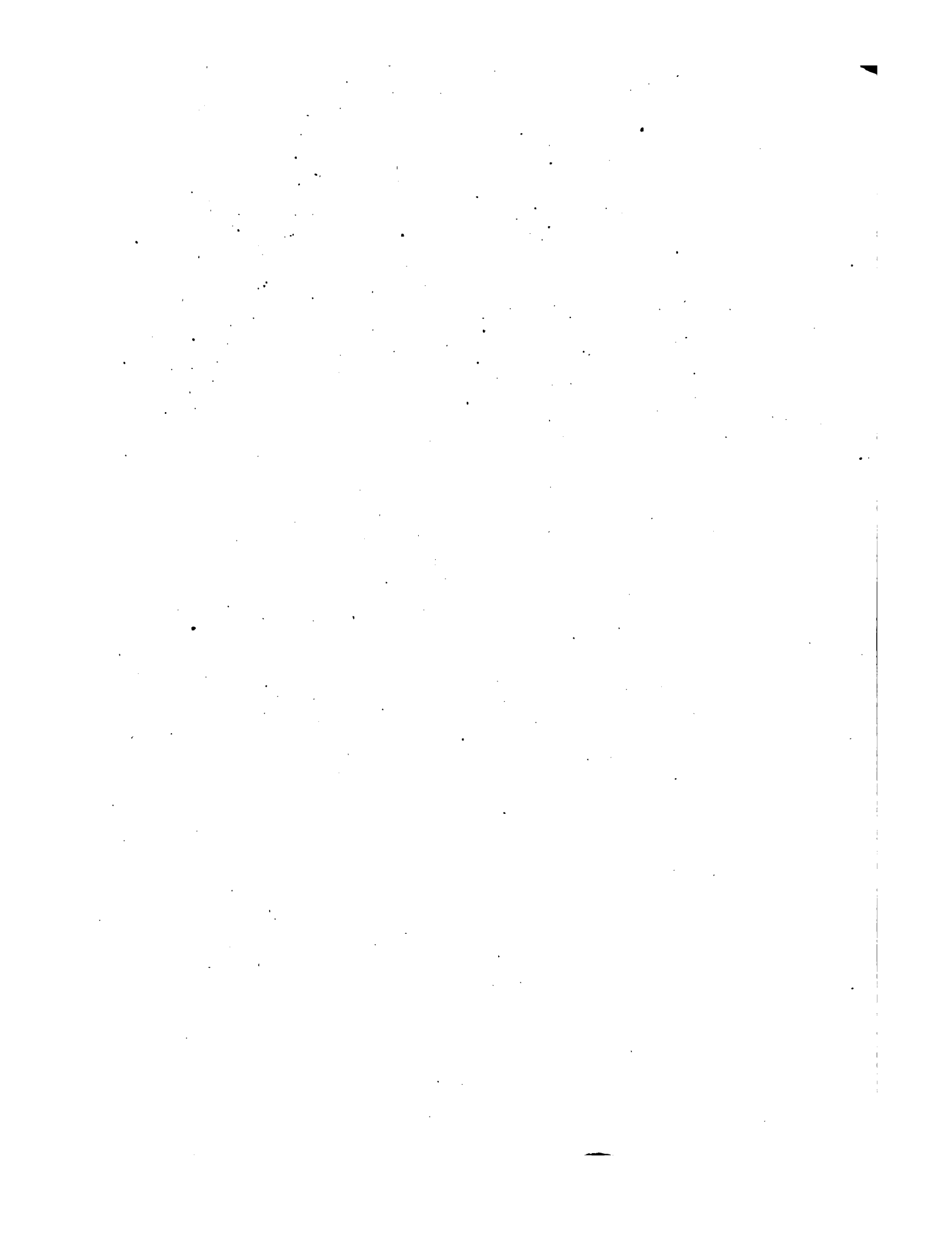


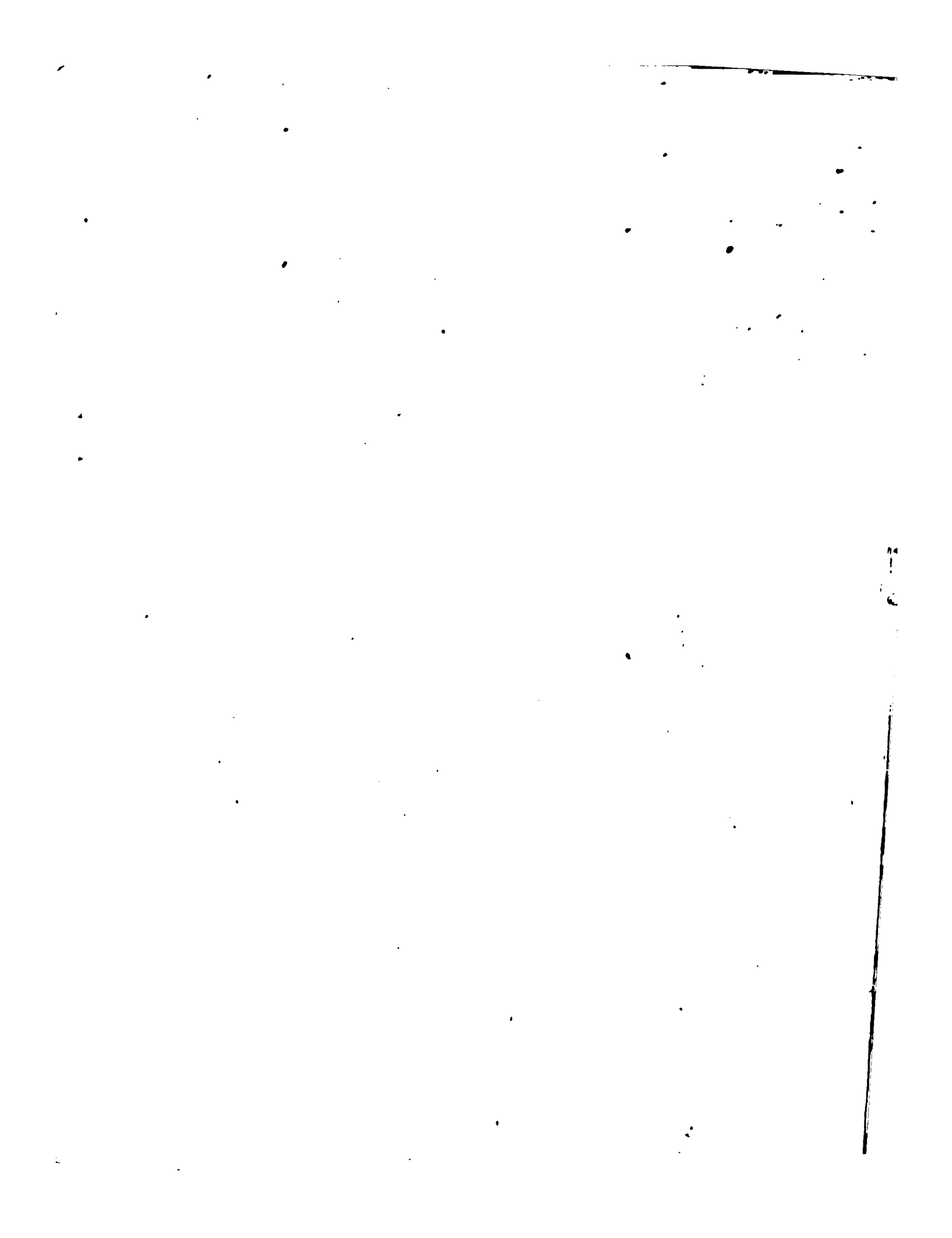












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